

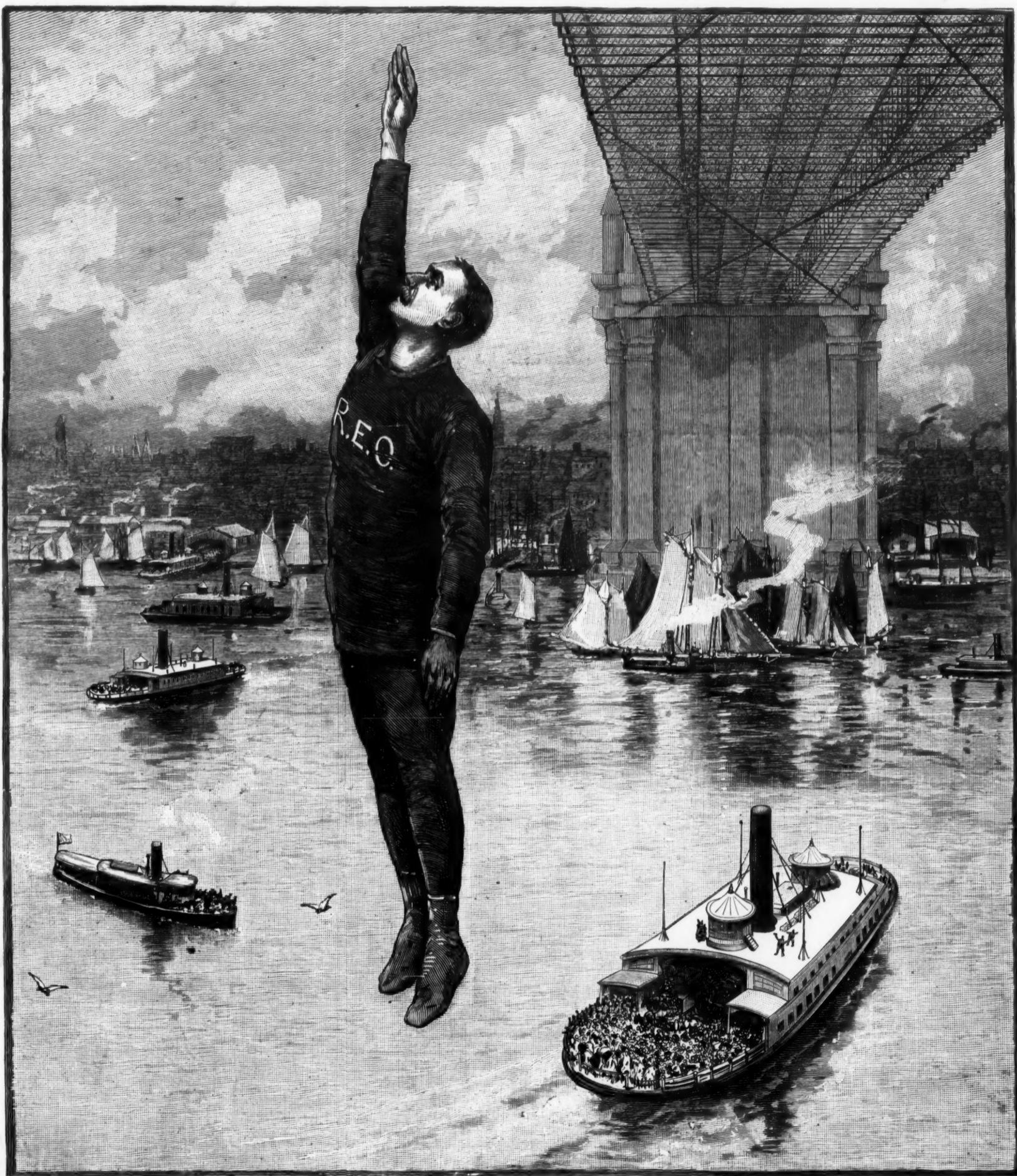
FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY JOURNAL NEWSPAPER

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No. 1,549.—VOL. LX.]

NEW YORK—FOR THE WEEK ENDING MAY 30. 1885.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY.
13 WEEKS, \$1.00]



NEW YORK.—THE LATE TRAGEDY AT THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE—ROBERT E. ODLUM MAKING HIS FATAL LEAP, MAY 19TH,
FROM THE PARAPET OF THE BRIDGE, A DISTANCE OF 140 FEET, INTO THE EAST RIVER.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 242.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, MAY 30, 1885.

OUR NEW SERIAL STORY.

We begin, in this number, the publication of a New Serial Story, written expressly for FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, by the well-known novelist, M. T. CALDOR. It is entitled "PRINCESS ERMANZARDE; OR, THE BEGUM'S BRACELET." Our readers will find in this new romance all the sustained interest of plot, vivacity of incident and richness of coloring which are characteristic of the works of its author; and we are confident that its success will equal, if it does not exceed, that of any previous production of the same popular pen.

SOCIALISM ON TRIAL.

REvolutionary manifestoes, a tumultuous gathering of long-haired Socialists in an East Side hall, much incendiary language, a free fight and a precipitate adjournment, moved and seconded by the clubs of the police—this was the chain of events which preceded the appearance of the somewhat notorious Justus Schwab in a court-room to answer a charge of assault and inciting to riot. As Socialism is one of the most important factors in the social problems of the day, the character of the disciples who rallied around Schwab, and his exposition of his doctrines, were regarded with considerable interest. The appearance of his followers was not calculated to enlist the sympathies of those who cherish a regard for personal cleanliness and the rights of property. Two or three cases of sickness among the jurors formed a significant comment upon the atmosphere of the court-room. Schwab himself declared for the "reconfiscation" of property for the benefit of individual producers. He denied any rights to capital, but failed to explain how workingmen could do without it. He also inveighed against all government, which, he believed, merely "oppressed and enslaved the great majority of men." He announced a coming "révolution," and the methods of effecting it were to be reason, so long as the Socialists were in a minority, and force of arms whenever the Socialists are "strong enough to strike."

Now, in America, practically, every one belongs to the working class, and the vast majority receive some form of wages dependent on the investment of capital. Most of our citizens, conscious of unlimited personal liberty and desirous of bettering themselves and acquiring property by their own exertions, will pay little heed to a doctrine which, by destroying the security of property, would remove the incentive for their labor and reduce a well-regulated community to a condition little short of chaos. Nevertheless, it is clear that men like Schwab have a certain following, and it becomes important to know what that following is. Abroad, these questions have disturbed all Europe. The reign of the Paris Commune, the teachings of Karl Marx and Louis Blanc, the plots of Nihilists and Terrorists in Russia, the intrigues of Socialists in Germany, the fulminations of Internationalists and Communists, the attention paid to Henry George's communistic views regarding the ownership of land, and by English audiences to Mr. Chamberlain's expositions of Socialism and the "ransom of property"—all these, although differing widely among themselves, are symptoms of deep-seated social troubles, and are entitled to serious attention. In this country the Internationalists are represented by four German and four English newspapers, and there are various Socialistic organs. Mr. R. J. Hinton estimates that there are 25,000 enrolled members of the Socialistic Labor Party, and more than twice as many Internationalists; but this estimate is obviously exaggerated. A Chicago Internationalist recently claimed that 25,000 members of his party were "all armed and drilled," and that there were 1,500 riflemen in Chicago alone; but an investigation proved the ridiculous incorrectness of his statements. The "Federation of Trades and Labor Unions" contains ten times as many members as both the parties previously referred to. But the demands of this powerful organization are moderate, and in no way to be confounded with the wild teachings of Schwab and his associates. The Trades Union platform may not be entirely in accordance with the views of political economists, but it might be adopted without serious injury to society. The fact is, that the conservatism of the genuine workingmen contrasts forcibly with the recklessness of those who would reduce our country to a condition of anarchy.

That the armed revolution which Schwab prays for will come to us, we do not believe, although, under the pressure of want, the exhortations of demagogues may precipitate riots more disastrous than those of 1877. It is useless to deny that there is much discontent among the poor, and that it is founded upon some reason. When men like Jay Gould amass colossal fortunes by tricky manipulations of railroads, courts and Legislatures, the laboring man, knowing that this wealth is dishonestly acquired, is given a just ground for complaint. He looks back upon an outrageous course of railroad robbery since the War; he sees instances of wholesale robbery protected by the courts and a portion of the Press, and he finds the monopolistic power of wealthy corpora-

tions increasing throughout the land, while the individual employé receives less and less consideration. All sober-minded men admit the rights and claims of capital and denounce such ravings as those of Justus Schwab. But capitalists must consider the rights of labor, or else we may have a revolution by ballot, and enter an era of anti-monopoly legislation of the most stringent kind. Socialism, as Schwab understands it, is a plant of foreign growth, and will not flourish on American soil.

THE BLACK VOTE DIVIDING.

MR. CARL SCHURZ was among the very first Republicans to predict the Presidential disaster that befell that party, and he pointed out some time in advance of the public perception the inevitable growth and force of the Civil Service Reform movement. He has, therefore, very fairly earned some right to the claims of a political prophet, and what he says about future policies and parties in a time of such political quiet and scarcity of definite issues as this deserves consideration.

In the pamphlet which Mr. Schurz has just published about "The New South," in which he expresses the conclusions that he drew during his recent journey through the Southern States, he points out the important political fact, that the black vote is already beginning to divide, and gives reasons why a further division will take place. This is of very great importance, because it means the breaking of the "Solid South"—at least, the disappearance of the color-line in politics. Mr. Schurz reports that he found the opinion prevalent among many of the most intelligent freedmen, that they had already paid their debt to the Republican Party for giving them their freedom, and that they felt now at liberty to vote as their interests dictated. Hitherto their political life has been a blind life, for they voted in herds and voted for Republican candidates for all offices, from constable to President, merely because they were Republican candidates. The Republican Party will gain incalculably in moral force and usefulness in the South when all its members vote from conviction and with intelligence. By losing a portion of the negro vote that it has hitherto had, it will gain a greater local respectability, which will attract white voters whom it has never had. On the other hand, when a portion of the freedmen become Democrats, the professional machine-manager of the negro vote will lose his vocation; the freedmen will not go in droves, politically, but, for sensible reasons, being divided intelligently into parties, their political privileges will become what they were meant to be—a power to be used intelligently, and not a halter to be led or hanged by.

The danger of ignorant citizenship is at its greatest when the body of ignorant citizens is herded on one side. If it is divided, one portion has a tendency to correct the evil of other portions. It is the concentration of the ignorant, or of any other more or less dangerous class, that makes it threatening. The most of the recent political misfortunes of the South, if not all, have been caused by the solidity of the black vote. Mr. Schurz's prediction of its division, therefore, is as cheerful a prophecy as has recently been made by anybody. There is abundant evidence, too, to confirm Mr. Schurz's judgment. The new Democratic Administration can scarcely do more useful service to the country than it is doing in emancipating the freedmen from political solidarity, so that they may, through an intelligent exercise of their rights of citizenship, really become free men.

THE REVISED BIBLE.

THIS task of revising the "authorized version" of the Holy Scriptures, undertaken fourteen years ago, under the auspices of the Convocation of Canterbury, and since pursued with diligence by bodies of learned men of Great Britain and the United States, acting in concert, has now been concluded. The revised New Testament appeared in 1881, and has been very widely circulated, and now the revised Old Testament is published both in England and the United States.

In England the revised version will be reviewed by the Convocation of Canterbury, the highest authority of the Established Church, and, if found acceptable by that body, will doubtless be proclaimed as the authorized version by the Queen. Dissenters, of course, will not be bound by such a decree, and may, according to their good pleasure, accept or reject the work of the revisers. It is probable, however, that a general assent on their part would sooner or later follow the indorsement of the Anglican Church.

In this country each denomination will be at liberty to decide for itself whether the new version shall or shall not take the place of the old one. It is possible, however, though scarcely probable, that the various Protestant Churches may agree to refer the question to a body of scholars in which they shall all have a voice. It is possible, moreover, that both in England and America, one Testament may be accepted and the other rejected. Again, the fate of the new version may not be determined for many years. King James's version, as it is called, was completed in 1611, but not until after 1660 did it take the place of the Geneva Bible, which the Puritans, as a rule, brought to this country. Many superstitions of the seventeenth century have no doubt passed away, but the same tender associations with the old, which made men reluctant at that time to accept the new, are operative

now, and it may take thirty or forty years to overcome them. On no other subject are men so conservative as in matters pertaining to religion; and the common masses of the whole Protestant world, having been trained to think the Bible an infallible book, miraculously revealed from heaven, cannot yield without a painful shock the version with which they are familiar. They naturally fear there may be some juggle by which the pure word of God will be perverted. It is with them more a matter of feeling than of intelligent judgment. Many are like the good deacon, who, when the revised New Testament appeared, said the version used by Paul was good enough for him; or like the man who objected to the introduction of Watts's psalms and hymns, on the ground that Watts was not an "expired" man! It is just such folly and stupidity as this which makes the struggle of truth to overcome error so hard in this world of ours.

That the revisers of the Bible are among the most competent scholars of the world, and that they have done their best to express in English the exact meaning of the original Hebrew and Greek versions, no one will dispute. They are known, also, to be conservative men, thoroughly imbued with reverence for the Bible, and anxious only to make such changes as are needful to a clear understanding of the sacred text. If their work were to be judged solely by other and equally competent scholars, there would be no doubt of its acceptance; but ignorance and superstition will be loud-voiced against it, and ecclesiastical cranks will magnify themselves in opposition. Our belief is that in time all objections to the new version will be overcome, and that it will be universally accepted and loved, as King James's version has been for the last 264 years.

Of course, it is not possible here to give any account of the changes made by the revisers of the Old Testament, whose work has just been completed. Purchasers of the book will find those changes tabulated therein in such a way as to satisfy their curiosity without the necessity of reading the text as a whole. In two particulars, at least, the work of the revisers will be universally approved—viz.: in casting the matter into paragraphs, according to their literary sense, with the verses indicated by figures in the margin, and in printing poetry in its proper form in distinction from prose.

It is due to the American revisers to say that they have conferred honor upon the country by the way in which they have discharged their duties. They have shown themselves, as scholars and Christian gentlemen, in no way inferior to their foreign associates. The co-operation of American with English scholars in a work of such transcendent importance is a sign of the fraternity between civilized nations and peoples which is fast superseding the jealousies, rivalries and hostilities of the past. Having united in perfecting a version of the Scriptures, which are their common authority in religion and morals, it is to be hoped that the people of Great Britain and those of the United States may never imbrue their hands in each other's blood, but remain for ever one in a common reverence for the Prince of Peace.

GLADSTONE'S IRISH POLICY.

MR. GLADSTONE has announced in Parliament that, after the Whitsuntide recess, he will introduce a Land Purchase Bill for Ireland. Whatever way this circumstance is looked at, Mr. Parnell can count it as a triumph. If the Parnellites have made any positive demand during the past three sessions, it has been for an amendment of the clauses of the Land Act that relate to facilitating the purchase of their holdings by tenants. These clauses are notoriously ineffective. The Parnellites have demanded that the Government advance three-fourths of the purchase-money, whenever the tenant desires to buy out his holding and the landlord agrees to sell it; and these seem to be the terms that Mr. Gladstone is now willing to concede.

It is said that this Bill is the result of a bargain between the Parnellites and the Liberal Government, in view of the approaching General Election. We do not think so. It is manifestly Mr. Parnell's policy not to cast his influence wholly with either of the English parties in the coming struggle; for his strength in the next Parliament will depend upon having the English parties so closely balanced that the Ministry, whether it be Conservative or Liberal, cannot maintain its stability without his support. If either party were returned with a large majority, it would strive to be independent of the Irish vote; so that, next to making his own party as strong as possible, Mr. Parnell's great aim in the General Election will be to minimize the majority of whichever English party is likely to win.

We believe rather that the Land Purchase Bill is a Liberal bid over Mr. Parnell's head for votes in Ulster. In Ulster Mr. Parnell will fight his great battles. All the rest of Ireland is with him solidly. The hard-handed Ulster farmers care but slightly for Home Rule, and they cannot be moved to indignation about the renewal of the Crimes Act; but they appreciate keenly legislation that puts money in their purses. It only remains a question whether they will give the Liberals or the Parnellites credit for the Purchase Bill. It takes a long time for a new idea to penetrate these Scotch-Irish *crania*, but once an idea enters it takes desperate hold there; and it is probable that by this time the Ulster farmers have per-

ceived that they would have got neither the Arrears Act, nor the Land Act itself, nor the promised Purchase Act, but for the Parnellites, who demanded and fought for one after the other of these measures. So that, whether by a bargain or a bid, Mr. Gladstone after all may only be playing the cards of the Irish leader, who, it is beginning to appear, is now more than a match for him in political strategy.

"LOGAN'S LUCK."

"LOGAN'S luck" is an alliterative by-word which is common in Illinois, and carries joy to the soul of every buoyant Burchard of the boundless prairies. His re-election to the United States Senate after a struggle prolonged for months, and marked as against him by unusual acrimony, will tend to confirm the pet superstition that he must owe his protection to some invisible charm or fairy godmother. But, as a matter of fact, General Logan owed his success to the elements of his own personal character—to his high services to the State and the nation, to his large popularity, and to his pluck and fine staying qualities.

This paper is by no means the only supporter of President Cleveland's Administration which will express gratification at the election of General Logan over Mr. Morrison and his other rivals. Outside of Illinois, General Logan will receive the congratulations of thousands of non-partisans, and even of Democrats, not only because of his position on the tariff question, but also on account of his long and valuable experience in public life, which will now be utilized for all citizens without regard to party. It is the same spirit that hailed with pleasure the re-election, term after term, of Seward in New York and of Bayard in Delaware.

One feature of the late contest was peculiarly honorable to both parties—its absolute freedom from corruption. The trimming of some legislators indicated that a little money would have gone a great ways; but General Logan and Colonel Morrison agreed that the struggle should be an honest one as far as they could control it, and each one announced to his partisans that he would instantly resign the seat if it came to him by questionable means. Both kept their word. To the credit of the whole country, the result was attained by unquestioned fairness. It is well for both. General Logan may be proud that he is the honest preference of the State, and Colonel Morrison can reflect that he was not defeated because of any personal objection to him. For the next six years Logan will be one of the two or three leaders of the Senate, unless he is called upon to accept some higher honor.

MALARIA.

THERE is no word that is more thoroughly incorporated with the speech and thought of the people than malaria. It has become a convenient resource for ignorance, although it is invariably coupled with wisdom and its utterances. It is the familiar designation of many diseases for which no other name or explanation is available. It is the one thing to be avoided in all changes of residence, and it is the dark pall that hangs over some districts of our country, or is supposed to. The newspapers have recently been full of accounts, from a town in Pennsylvania, showing that a thousand people were suffering from some malarious disorder, with a large proportion of fatal cases. Had such a report come from Florida, it would have stopped all travel there for ten years, and even now many people will not go South, under the impression that the entire country is malarial and full of fever and hidden diseases. As Pennsylvania cannot possibly lie under such a ban as that, it will be found on investigation that the afflicted people have only themselves to blame; that they have entirely overlooked all sanitary laws, and that malaria in their case means imperfect drainage, overflowing cesspools, the use of water from filthy wells, and decayed vegetable and animal matter accumulated in the streets and on private premises.

Malaria simply means bad air, which is a source of disease, and not disease itself. The seeds of a complaint may be in the system, the result of imperfect nutrition or of vitiated blood, and a bad atmosphere may develop the fever, or bring a congestive chill quickly to the surface, but these misfortunes occur at all times and in all places; only, appearing in isolated cases and as the result of well-known causes, they are not classed in the usual column—at least, not by sensible physicians. Yet the patient and his friends are happy in thinking that they have the whole thing in a nutshell; it is, in a word—malaria. And especially is there a kind of grim comfort to the semi-invalids, to those who are by no means sick, yet not entirely well. They have some flying aches and pains, a little headache, a loss of appetite, and they feel a little feverish. It is "nothing much," only a little malaria, "you know."

There is both good and evil in these distempered fancies. Good, when the fear of malarious influences leads to those precautions really necessary to health; and evil, when the imagination becomes diseased and every locality teems with fever and kindred complaints. The stricken town in Pennsylvania would have escaped its infliction had the people been as wise in the beginning as they are now; and if the fumigation and cleansing of

this city is pursued with ardor, the dread of cholera being partly removed thereby, it is not likely to rage with its usual violence, even if it is not shut out entirely. It is quite as much a malarious disease as any other. If not generated by a bad atmosphere, it is certainly transmitted from one to another by it, and all predisposing symptoms are thereby heightened and developed. The "cleanliness that is next to godliness" is the great essential in this and many other visitations. Air may be naturally bad, the product of swamps, of marshes, and of decaying vegetable matter, but we can create an atmosphere in cities far worse than any to be encountered in the country. All of Florida is daily swept by the salt breezes of the ocean or the gulf, but what is to purify the air of a tenement-house, a back yard with its cesspool and other abominations, or even that of the sick-room, often unventilated for days together? The worst malaria is that of man's own creation.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE standstill in the negotiations between England and Russia continues, and the prevalent anxiety in Great Britain is heightened by meagreness of the information vouchsafed by the Ministers. Another ominous sign is the detention of the Guards in Egypt, a movement which obviously has in view the possibility of their being required for service against Russia. The Admiralty has ordered more ironclads to sea, and the London stock market is perturbed. It appears that the Afghans also are looking for war, as a dispatch from Cabul states that the Ameer of Afghanistan is raising new regiments and making preparations which the Russians regard as "menacing."

Mr. Gladstone announces the introduction of the Land Purchase Bill for Ireland after Whitsuntide—in order, it is claimed, to conciliate the Parnellites. At the same time, Lord Randolph Churchill, in the interest of the Conservatives, makes an audacious bid for Irish support by attacking the Government for the renewal of the Crimes Act. The interest in the manoeuvres attending the approach of the General Election overshadows, for the time being, that in all other political questions. The most notable activity during the next week or two will probably be on the part of the Parnellites in Ireland. The House of Commons has adjourned until the 4th of June.

In a recent issue, the London *Times* makes a reference to the *Rosphore Egyptien* incident the basis of a general review of the whole situation in Egypt at the present moment as affected by the conflicting interests of the various European powers. In the course of this article, it says: "There is too much reason to fear that a hostile combination against British influence and interests in Egypt has been organized by the European Powers." Speaking of the order detaining in Egypt the Guards who were on their way home from Suakin, the same article says: "There is no need to attribute this action to the position of the Anglo-Russian difficulty. There is more than enough in the affairs of Egypt to enforce the necessity of precaution, if not to justify positive disquietude."

Burton and Cunningham, whose trial on the charge of being the authors of the dynamite explosions at Westminster and the Tower, was concluded last week, have received the maximum sentence allowed by the law—that of penal servitude for life. In the case of Burton, at least, the evidence was not as conclusive as it might have been; but London, remembering the terror of the explosions, breathes a sigh of relief at the consummation of the law's vengeance upon these two men.

Paris mourns Hugo, and all other subjects are dwarfed. The approaching General Election for members of the popular branch of the Legislature will witness the application of the *scrutin de liste*, or collective ticket system, lately ratified by the Senate. Dispatches from Shanghai report that of the list of ten conditions presented by France as a basis of peace, China has accepted seven, and rejected the other three.

THAT too many men study for the professions in the United States is made evident, from the fact that there are 85,000 licensed physicians and surgeons in the country, or a proportion of one to every 585 of the inhabitants. It requires no argument to prove that this proportion of doctors is altogether too high, and that it is absolutely impossible for the majority of them to obtain a remunerative practice.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND may as well make arrangements for an eight years' occupancy of the White House. Mr. Samuel J. Randall has renominated him as his own successor. We agree with Mr. Randall that the new Administration "is going on as well as possible," but we should prefer to stop there, for fear of hurting Mr. Cleveland's chances. No man can know what three years will bring forth, and for Mr. Randall at this time seriously to nominate the man who shall win the suffrages of his party in June, 1888, shows either a desire on his part to lay a distinguished rival out very cold indeed, or else a degree of political imbecility which he has never exhibited before. Mr. Randall is quite too previous—very much so, indeed.

GREAT commotion was lately created in Washington by the announcement that Fred Douglass had rented a pew close by that of President Cleveland in the church under the pastorate of the Rev. Dr. Sutherland. Some of the other pewholders were in favor of seceding at once, until they discovered that Mr. Douglass had not been guilty of the crime imputed to him, when their excitement somewhat abated. Mr. Douglass had simply committed the gross impropriety of attending service there as the escort of three white women, one of whom is his wife. There may be a good deal of religion in Washington, but it appears to run in very narrow grooves, with not enough of it to go around at that.

LAST season, a Boston man, who was a warm supporter of Mr. Blaine, passed the Civil Service examination for a Government position. When Mr. Blaine was defeated, the Bostonian supposed his chances for the desired clerkship were at an end, the more particularly that he had gone so far in his partisanship as to urge against the election of Mr. Cleveland his belief that, if the Democrats were successful, the "rebels" would come into power and dispose of all the offices to suit themselves. A few days ago this Boston man was astonished to receive an appointment signal by Secretary Lamar to a second-class clerkship in the Interior Department. This is not the first agreeable surprise in the matter of appointments for which the new Administration is responsible.

MR. BEECHER announced in a recent discourse that, "for more than fifty years he had been influenced by the great doctrine

of evolution." Are we to understand that certain incidents in his career are to be attributed to this peculiar influence. Mr. Beecher added: "I propose to make the application of the truths of evolution to all forms of doctrine the closing work of my life. I am going to discuss the questions of the divine nature, of sin and atonement, from the standpoint of evolution. These discussions I will put in a book and then die." This is rather a startling announcement, especially when taken in connection with the further statement that the series of sermons on evolution will be completed before the preacher goes on his Summer excursion. But then, possibly, Mr. Beecher will conclude to let Nature take her course, and consent to live until the Supreme Arbitrator shall determine that he is fit to die.

WHEN they indulge in a "vendetta" in Florida, they make it sweeping. The telegraph tells of the West-Langford affair. There was bad feeling between the parties, but they met peacefully and settled everything harmoniously. Then they all went to church one Sunday, as usual. At noon "a pistol-shot suddenly rang out." The Wests and Langfords, who were teaching in Sunday-school, as suddenly adjourned their classes, dropped their Bibles, and rushed for the door, drawing their weapons as they went. Two or three others were outside. All six became engaged. Forty shots were fired. Net result: One West and two Langfords killed; two Wests cut all to pieces with knives so that they may not live, and one Langford, bullet through head, and ditto, ditto. "There are fears of more serious encounters." The farming interests of Florida may not suffer, for live laborers are plenty; but who will teach the Sunday-school?

THE British steamer *Alert*, which was lent by the British Government to the United States for the Greely Relief Expedition, is being prepared for another trip North, to make explorations in Hudson's Bay. The voyage will be chiefly in the interest of the proposed Hudson's Bay Railway Company, representatives of which are to accompany the expedition. Five stations in all will be visited. Lieutenant Gordon, of the Royal Navy, who commands the expedition, expects the round trip to occupy about five months. Valuable information is expected to be obtained, from the observations made during the past year as to the formation and breaking up of the ice, and in regard to its movements; also, relative to the navigation of the Straits. The project of a railway from Winnipeg to Hudson's Bay, and a Summer line of steamships thence to England, opens vast possibilities for the development of the resources of the heart of British America.

IN the death of Mr. Frelinghuysen, the late Secretary of State, the country has lost a citizen who had rendered it valuable and important service, and who illustrated in all the walks of life the highest Christian virtues. In the United States Senate, and as Secretary of State, his course was always marked by perfect rectitude of purpose and a paramount regard for essential principles; and while he did not rank as a "brilliant" statesman, his ability, conscientiousness and gentleness of nature commanded, during his whole public career, the hearty respect of public men of all parties. As a lawyer, he was conspicuously successful, inasmuch that it is said of him, by old and distinguished members of the Bar, that, in a practice of thirty years, "he never made a mistake in the trial of a cause." He had a remarkable faculty of perception in determining the effect of evidence upon the average juror, and this made him in great cases an antagonist whom the most distinguished lawyers were reluctant to meet. It is a somewhat notable fact, that his death is the third that has occurred among the members of President Garfield's Cabinet.

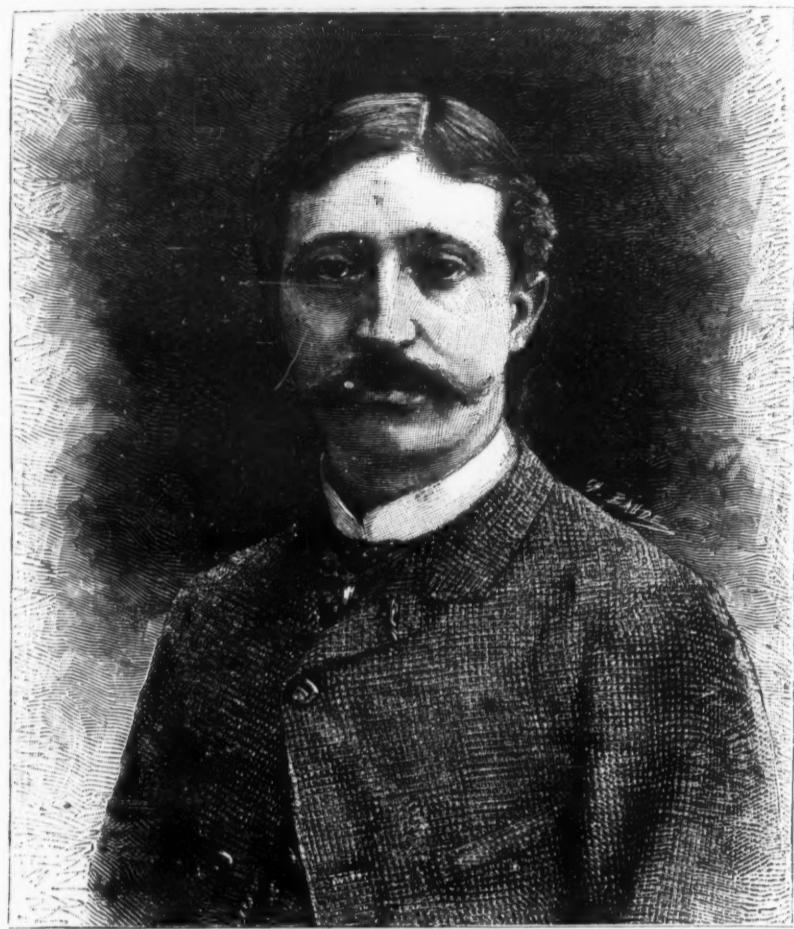
THE assembling of 600 brewers is the rare sight that New York has just witnessed. They represented 3,000 breweries, which manufacture 16,000,000 kegs of beer every year and employ 500,000 men—one-thirtieth of all the able-bodied workmen in the United States! No beer was served to the Convention, though it was held in a beer garden, and the brewers all sat around drinking cold water! Then, stranger yet, there was a "temperance address," in which the orator bewailed the evils of intemperance after the best style of Gough, and urged that temperance be promoted by encouraging the use of malt liquors and by controlling, and, if necessary, prohibiting, the sale of distilled liquors. To effect this end, he called for the abolition of taxes on beer and the increase of taxes on whisky and other spirituous liquors, "which are the curse of the world." The view taken is by no means new, but it assumes a novel aspect by being put forth seriously, and no doubt sincerely, by brewers, who appear in the *rôle* of reformers. The question raised is not to be lightly laughed down or safely ignored. It will make itself heard and demand consideration. Neal Dow's recent statement, that ardent spirits were causing more distress in Maine than ever before, coupled with the admitted failure of prohibition in Kansas and Iowa, makes it imperative that the problem of drunkenness be re-examined.

THE silence of the French-Canadian Press in relation to the recent victory gained by General Middleton over Louis Riel and the half-breeds is significant. From the commencement of the trouble in the Northwest the French population of Canada have generally openly sympathized with the insurrectionists; consequently, the refusal of Colonel Onimet, M. P., to march to the front with the Montreal troops under his command, and his subsequently evading military duty, did not occasion surprise. Neither did it cause much surprise among those who know how loose is the band of allegiance that binds French Canada to the British Empire, when, after the recent defeat of Riel, many of the public exponents of opinion in the Province of Quebec threatened that the scene of the rebellion might be transferred to Quebec, if Riel were executed, in the event of his being captured. Doubtless, now that the rebel leader has been captured, pressure will be brought to bear upon Sir John A. Macdonald by the French-Canadian representatives to save Riel's life. This, Sir John did once before in obedience to such urgent solicitations; but this, it is quite safe to affirm, he will not dare do again, as the loyal inhabitants of Ontario and other provinces of the Dominion will not permit the Canadian Premier to act with such clemency towards a man who has twice embroiled the country in domestic war. The ominous and frequently hostile attitude of the two principal races in Canada has prevented, and will probably prevent, a homogeneous union of the diverse elements into a national unity, and presents anomalous and alarming features which may well prevent over-sanguine anticipations relative to the future development and success of the Dominion. Ultramontane notions in matters relating to public policy and hierarchical dominancy, effete customs and mode of thought, illiteracy and sectarian sentiment, and an *amor patriæ* which is as French and anti-English as that which fires the natives of Brittany, are generally characteristic of the French-Canadian population, and are not features of the national life which the loyal Canadian statesman can view with much complacency.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—See Page 239.



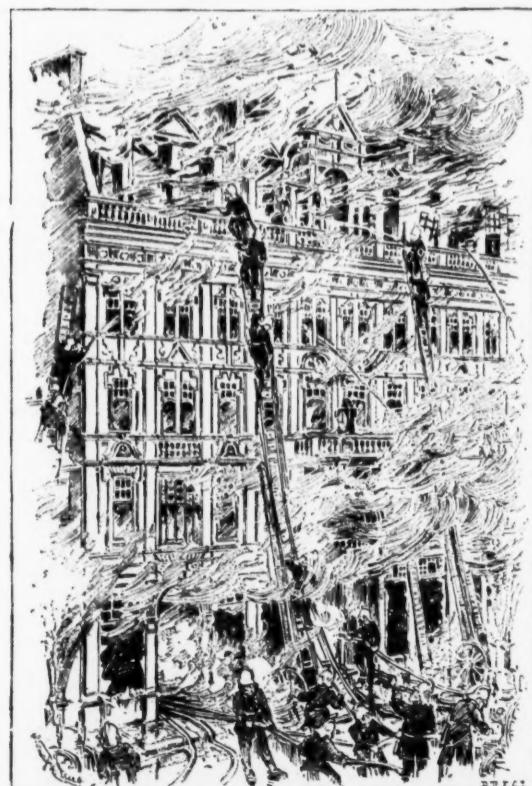
FRANCE.—THE LATE ALPHONSE DE NEUVILLE, THE CELEBRATED PAINTER OF MILITARY SCENES.



FRANCE.—EDOUARD DETAILLE, ASSOCIATE AND PEER OF ALPHONSE DE NEUVILLE.



AFGHANISTAN.—ZULFIKAR PASS, ON THE HERI-RUD RIVER, WHICH RUSSIA PROPOSES TO OCCUPY.



ENGLAND.—BURNING OF THE MODEL JAPANESE VILLAGE, AT KENSINGTON, LONDON.



RUSSIA.—MILLENNIUM OF ST. CYRIL AND ST. METHODIUS—RELIGIOUS PROCESSION LEAVING THE CATHEDRAL OF KAZAN, AT ST. PETERSBURG.



ERMENZARDE.—“THE LADY TOOK UP THE PICTURE WITH A FAINT, INDIFFERENT SMILE UPON HER LIPS.”

THE PRINCESS ERMENZARDE; OR, THE BEGUM'S BRACELET.

BY M. T. CALDOR.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT a crowded train!" said a clear, incisive voice, with a little ring of impatience in it. "Pray, are all the carriages full? Ah, excuse me—" And the youthful speaker drew back, and turned to say to the guard: "Not this one. There are ladies alone there. And they will naturally object. Go on, guard."

To the young man the much-bothered functionary turned with a nod of commendation, though his voice was full of perplexity.

"Yes, sir, certainly. But the coaches are all crowded, or engaged. Not a seat even in the second-class left, I'm afraid."

"Pray, come in. We do not object," interposed a cool, high-bred voice; and its owner, a stately woman, with a heavy lace veil over her face, bent forward from the open window, with a little, autocratic wave of the hand, which did very much to relieve the poor guard's distress; for what with accepting a fee for keeping people out of certain coaches, and being prevented from receiving the same for admitting late-arriving travelers into other places, he was quite at his wits' ends.

He did not forget that the lady's-maid of this very speaker had slipped her broad silver coin into his hand not ten minutes before, with the peremptory instruction:

"Now, understand, my lady isn't to be bothered with strangers put into our carriage."

But he hastened to open the door of the carriage for the gentleman, and as he handed his light luggage to the owner, he said to the lady, lifting his regulation cap with a bow of profound respectfulness:

"I take it very handsome of your ladyship to be so accommodating. If I can help it, there shan't be any more."

The lady did not condescend to reply. She had slowly fallen back into her former position, with her head reclining vacantly against the cushioned side.

The maid glanced at her, and said something in so low a voice, that neither the guard nor the passenger caught its meaning.

But the singularly clear and bell-like tones of the lady's voice gave them her answer, though spoken very softly.

"It is boorishness or impertinence that annoys me. Parsons, sit down! Do you not know a gentleman without his being ticketed?"

A frank smile of gratification lit up Philip Laing's face, and he bowed gracefully as he said:

"I have to thank you, madam, twice over." Upon which the maid settled back in her place by the opposite door, and Philip proceeded to dispose of his travelling appendages in the netting receptacle over his head, and then seated himself opposite the maid, and opened the book he had brought to while away the tediousness of the journey.

Without, the bustle of closing doors and shouting officials had ceased, and with one writhing shake, as if it were a serpent untwisting its coils, the train had started up, and was now steadily rattling upon its way.

The book, somehow, seemed stupid and tame. Philip lifted his eyes from the page and took surreptitious observations of the stirless figure in the opposite corner of the coach.

Was she young and beautiful? The figure was tall, perfectly proportioned, and the attitude, though somewhat rigid, had a graceful pose.

Her clothing was of fine material and costly, but made with extreme plainness. The heavy lace veil entirely concealed the face. The hands were rather long, but slim, and daintily gloved. Half the time she held them clasped together, not loosely and aimlessly, but with a fierce grip that must have tried the muscles and pained the flesh. The face was turned to the window, as if the attention was given entirely to the swiftly passing glimpses of rude pasture lands, or thick-set hedges, or clustering roofs of vanishing villages.

And yet Philip Laing did not need any assurance to convince him that it was all an idle show for her, and that the lady's attention was sternly concentrated upon some inward emotion.

Once a soft, long-drawn sigh involuntarily escaped her, and presently, to Philip's great satisfaction, she threw up the heavy veil, as unable to bear its restraint any longer.

He stole a furtive glance over the edge of his book at the half-averted face, unable to tell if he were disappointed to find that, although it was that of a very beautiful woman, its soft graces of girlhood had irretrievably passed away.

The chief characteristic was an expression of intense reserve and haughtiness, which, however, did not sit ungracefully upon the pale, high-bred features.

The large dark eyes had a sort of icy glitter upon them, which was like a shield against any revelation of the secrets of the unfathomable soul behind. Yet Philip fancied he read within them the sorrowful confession of a profound weariness of something—or everything.

The maid watched her with zealous attention.

Once she mutely presented a vinaigrette. Again she glanced at the chatelaine watch hanging from her mistress's traveling-belt, and producing a light basket took from it a tiny glass and a cordial bottle, and gave the lady what was plainly an accustomed potion. It was evidently for the sake of these attentions that the maid was in the same coach with her, and not in a lower-class carriage.

Although he endeavored to make himself an unobnoxious figure on the scene, Philip was half amused at his own longing to begin a conversation of almost any sort.

The book was totally powerless to hold his attention, while the living volume before him attracted him with almost irresistible curiosity.

He closed the book at length, and was tossing it up to the rack above him, when a small card photograph, which he had thrust into it the day before, fell out from between the leaves.

A fitful gust of air, coming in that moment through the open window, caught the light card and carried it across, dropping it, as the breeze failed, into the lady's lap.

Philip made hasty movement to catch it, and the lady looked up, and, perceiving the picture, took it up, with a faint, indifferent smile upon her lips, as she was about to pass it back to him.

But suddenly a keen look of interest broke up the haughty coldness of the beautiful face.

"Marion Lambert!" she exclaimed, in surprise. "And how very natural!"

She held the card, looking down at it wistfully, almost, it would seem, as if reluctant to return it.

And what a transformation that softened the look in the proud eyes, that rich glow on the cold, pale face, wrought upon its beauty!

"You knew her?" exclaimed Philip, eagerly. "You knew mother, my dear, dear mother?"

"Your mother!" was returned, almost as swiftly. "Ah! well. The years have fled. I did not need this to remind me of it. And Marion was your mother? You were born, then, in India?"

"Yes, madam. And you knew her so well as to recognize that picture taken so long ago? How wonderful it seems!"

The lady still held the card, and looked down at it mournfully.

"It is very like. The same true eyes, and sweet and gentle lips. Ah, me! I knew that the living, breathing, loving creature has crumbled into dust, though this frail, inanimate semblance remains, and looks up at me in her image. How humiliating it is to mortal presumption!"

The lady fell into a deep reverie, still staring down

with those great, unfathomable eyes upon the picture.

Philip forbore to disperse whatever emotion it was which controlled her, though longing to continue a conversation thus unexpectedly opened to him.

"Dear Marion!" she murmured, presently, in a voice rich with tenderness. "She was an elder sister to me, when we were at school together. I had most loyal devotion for her. And yet—and yet—" Profound melancholy deepened the tones—"and yet, I only knew from the newspaper that she died—abroad, in India. How heartless the selfishness of our own life-struggle makes us all! I loved her once, young man, with the tenderest gratitude and admiration. Yet it is very little I know about her history. You are her son?"

She lifted the drooping head, and turned the great dark eyes, brightened by a most unusual interest, full upon him. There was a mist in his as he replied:

"I am her only child, and she has left me, now, for many lonely years in a world without her."

"Dear Marion!" repeated the lady, with indescribable pathos.

There was a little silence. Philip's fresh, young lip quivered a moment.

Did she perceive it, that she spoke so vehemently?

"Ah! do not sigh for her return! Is it not beautiful to be safely over the dark, unknown gulf? And she was so sweet and true and good! I could envy instead of regretting her."

"Yet her loss is none the less a deprivation," returned the young man, half resentfully. "What would it not be to have her tender smile, her consoling words to-day! I fancy I should face my trial triumphantly."

"Your trial?" answered the lady, slowly. "Come, we are no longer strangers. You are henceforth a dear young friend of mine—my Marion's boy. Tell me about the trial."

Philip caught, at that moment, a look of utter amazement upon the maid's face. Words could scarcely have said so plainly to him what an extraordinary departure from her accustomed ways was this new behavior of the lady mistress.

He unconsciously gave a disconcerted look in that direction.

"Parsons, you may find that lace-knitting in the bag and set it right. I think you can do it, by giving close attention to it," she commanded. "And you, Marion's son, will you not come over to this seat opposite me? We can talk more comfortably so."

Philip obeyed promptly, and with the deepest satisfaction at this turn of events.

"Your mother married an army officer, and went to India. There I lost her," resumed the lady. "I heard of her death through the papers. How long ago was it?"

"It will be ten years next Christmas. I was only fifteen, and the last left of her four children," he answered, gravely.

"Poor Marion! dear Marion!" repeated the lady, softly and tenderly. "Were you with her through those last years?"

"Yes. After my sisters died, my father exchanged, and brought us back to England. He returned to India alone, and died a few months afterwards. My mother and I were not separated afterwards, except as I was obliged to be at college. But she came to live very near me, and we were as much together, even then, as possible."

"You may have heard her speak of me, possibly? Yet it is not strange if you have not. I am Miss Poindexter—Ermenzarde Poindexter."

"Miss Poindexter, of Cedarwood?" exclaimed Philip, a flush crossing his ingenuous face. "Yes, I remember the name; I remember it well."

"And there is something not altogether pleasant connected with it. Did Marion think me strangely neglectful and unfriendly to our old devotion, that I did not seek her out in her bereavement and sorrow?" asked Miss Poindexter, swiftly. "Did she believe me selfish, heartless, absorbed in the gewgaws of my own rank and riches?"

There was a chord of keen pain in the broken voice, and a thrill also of stung pride. But the next moment it swelled serene and calm again.

"But she knows all about it now. How restful that thought is! She knows now that my affection and sympathy had never faltered. And you will believe it, I hope, also. Come, tell me about yourself, your trial, and your prospects. Tell me as freely and as confidently as if she were standing here with her hand clasping ours together, and forgive me, the old doubt—whatever it was—never mind about that! She has been dead for nearly ten years. And you have lived—where?—how?"

"My Uncle Mark has cared for me generously, and as affectionately as his nature and the circumstances allowed. He has done everything I could ask. He has been too generous," stammered the youth. "He has furnished me with plenty of money to spend. I have been an idle fellow mostly. I am fond of new sights, and I have traveled a good deal."

"Your Uncle Mark—the owner of Lambert Close, if I remember rightly. He has adopted you for his heir, then?"

Philip bit his lip, and flushed again. "He brought me up with that expectation. I wish—" And then he paused, made an impatient gesture, and shrugged his shoulders. "I wish he hadn't, from my soul. It was the worst wrong he has done me! The only one!"

"Why?" asked Miss Poindexter's clear voice, calmly. "Is Lambert Close embarrassed, or in any way threatened by ruin?"

"No. Oh, no!" returned Philip, and then he laughed softly, and not without enjoying the humor of his thought. "On the contrary, it was never in such good condition, or had more auspicious hopes. I came home from my run down the Nile in answer to my uncle's call, wherein he felicitated himself and me—as his heir—upon a most remarkable run of good luck in financial matters. He was even wild enough to hint about buying a baronetcy for me in times not so far off."

And here he stopped to laugh again.

"I don't see any trial there," said Miss Poindexter, smiling back at the frank, boyish *abandon* of the laughter.

"May be it isn't there, after all," he returned, with a sudden glint in the brave eyes that turned to hers. "It was rather ill-advised though, you know, like the story of the eagle carrying the poor tortoise up so high that the fall might be greater. Was it an eagle, by-the-way? That was just one year ago. I came home leisurely, as he advised, taking in everything by the way."

He made a little pause.

The color deepened again in his cheeks, and a frown for a moment knit the smooth young brow. "I had letters from him at Constantinople, and again at Marseilles, urging me against haste. I dallied a good while in Paris, and it was there I began to detect something odd and constrained in his letters. Poor old Uncle Mark! evasion and shuffling were odd games to him. How he must have dreaded the sight of me! Poor, honest, old fellow!"

"What had happened to him?" demanded Miss Poindexter, impatiently.

"Why, no ill luck—no ill luck at all. I came home and found him—married! Well, I wish it had been a little higher family, I confess. But she's a good, sensible girl, and not inclined to be airish, I fancy. She'll make a strong, kind nurse for him, and she'll give the boy, who has just been rung in down at the Close, a magnificent constitution."

"Married!" repeated Miss Poindexter, in a voice of strong indignation. "And you have lost the inheritance?"

"Why, of course! He has a son of his own now. Poor Uncle Mark! he tried so hard not to look proud and delighted when they brought that lusty youngster for me to see! I was nearly ready to shout at the comical blending of expressions on his face. He was sorry for me, don't you see? But he was immensely delighted over that boy. It was natural enough!"

"My poor lad!" said Miss Poindexter, in a voice of sincerest commiseration. "Who is the woman he has married?" Philip hung his head now.

"Don't think too harshly of him; it was a nurse—the housekeeper's niece, who took care of him through a low fever, which they kept from my knowledge while I was out there in Egypt. That housekeeper is the culprit. I visit all my wrath on

her. She managed all, and she still has the poor, simple niece under her thumb, and poor Uncle Mark is like wax in the hands of his son's relations."

"What intolerable folly and weakness!" declared Miss Poindexter, in a tone of infinite disgust. "How you have been wronged!"

"Only in one way. If he had only had me taught some useful knowledge—if he had not brought me up in idleness, to require luxury and ease, I declare to you, I would not have an unkind thought towards Uncle Mark. The fortune was his own, and not mine. I try not to think unkindly of Uncle Mark."

"He deserves all the trouble that will probably come to him," said Miss Poindexter, pitilessly. "I will not waste a thought upon such an imbecile. But your plans—tell me what they are."

"I haven't evolved anything tangible yet from the chaos of bewilderment into which I have been thrown. I only arrived last week: and, charming coincidence of fate, that day I set my foot upon English soil again was the day which saw the arrival of the new heir of the Close. Poor little red-faced monkey, I wish him well, I'm sure; but I think he'll have a hard time of it. Besides, weakened though the poor old fellow has been by this long illness of his, uncle has some spirit left. And I am not quite a beggar. My allowance will continue for another year. He meant me to believe that it would go on indefinitely, but Mrs. Crafts took care that I should understand differently from that. But I shan't be pressed to the wall till I have had time to look around me. I can count on that. And I am young and hearty, with an honorable ancestry behind me. Why should I envy that poor little beggar, who has added to our old blood the nursery-maid's puerile record? I have been laughing at myself for being dismayed, ever since I had a view of that lusty-limbed chap who has ousted me. I have *my* mother, and he has *his*."

"Your father's brave spirit and your mother's generous compassion live again in you," said Miss Poindexter. "Thank Heaven, I have met you today! I shall not lose sight of you, as I did of Marion."

Philip bowed gratefully and gallantly.

The maid was busy, with lowered eyes intent upon snarled knitting; yet it was quite evident that she was not losing the drift of the conversation, and Philip caught one furtive look of incredulous amazement cautiously interrogating his person for an explanation of the marvel.

The stoppage of the train at an important station interrupted the conversation. The young man was only too happy to get out to send a porter with cool water to Miss Poindexter.

Meantime, he was puzzling to remember all his mother had told him. He could only be positive that it was something which meant this:

"She was very high and mighty in her ways, the incarnation of pride in her family and fortune. But I never knew her anything but honorable and just. We called her the Princess Ermenzarde. And she was grand and beautiful enough for a princess. I cannot believe that she has grown so hard and cold and selfish as they call her now, that she has developed into the disagreeable character which report gives to her."

"The Princess Ermenzarde," murmured young Philip Laing to himself. "That is just the name which suits her. And I will not believe injurious reports any more readily than my mother did."

This resolution of his was to have a more speedy trial, however, than he suspected.

CHAPTER II.

As he returned from the platform to the railway coach, Philip Laing was aware of a flurry of arrival at the street-door of the station, and carelessly noticed the hurried movements of a trio of servants, one of whom was assisting a lady to alight from a close carriage which was drawn up at the entrance, and the others gathering up her parcels from the seat of the vehicle. The maid pushed past him, and was hurried into a third-class carriage, while the footman seized upon a guard and led the way towards the train; with his arms well encumbered with shawl and sunshade and basket.

"But there is no seat, I fear," Philip heard the guard saying, doubtfully.

"I see two vacant places over yonder," said a light, rather musical voice behind him, and a slender, graceful figure stepped airily on one side and darted before him, the lady giving him a gay, almost insolent, smile of triumph as she walked up to the door of Philip's coach.

"There is room here. What do you mean, guard?" continued the lady, in a tone of confident authority.

"The coach is occupied, madame. This gentleman's place is there, and there are ladies. It is a very crowded train," stammered the guard.

"To be sure, and therefore there should be no unoccupied seat. Are you certain that every seat is taken here?" demanded the lady, coolly. "I cannot lose my train, and I have my ticket. Ah! I see how it is," she added, with a malicious smile. "But, as the train is crowded, people must be content to waive any expectations of extra ease and privacy. Put in my things, Pierre, and find yourself a place."

She laid her daintily gloved hand upon the opened door as she spoke, with that resolute air of pre-emption which was not to be mistaken.

Philip waited calmly for the guard's decision.

"I happen to be acquainted with Mr. Donaldson, your superintendent, guard. I do not wish to enter any complaint, but—" began the lady again; and then seeing that look of blank dismay falling upon the man's face, she burst into a peal of merry laughter, which, in spite of his effort, compelled Philip to smile too.

The lady saw it, and turned her gay blue eyes upon him saucily.

"You see it is really a case for insistence," she said to him. "I will try not to be a disagreeable addition to your party. But I must really have a seat."

"You are welcome to it, as far as I am concerned, madame," returned Philip, courteously. And here there was a shout from the train official. The guard hastily flung the door more widely open. The lady sprang in, and Philip followed, taking the wraps from the man through the window while the door was closed and locked, and the train moved on.

It was all very rapidly executed.

And it was not until the newcomer had dropped into her seat with a sigh of satisfaction, that her great, light-blue eyes fell upon the stately figure leaning in the opposite corner.

The gay, half-insolent air of careless security dropped away from her instantly.

She started to her feet again with a little cry of consternation.

She caught up her shawl and turned towards the door, as if forgetful that she was debarred from escape.

For a single moment she stood wavering, trembling, her face pale, her eyes wild and frightened, and her whole frame shaken by some sudden panic.

Then she seemed to make a mighty effort to regain her composure.

The color came slowly back into her pale face. Her blue eyes flashed angrily, and she shrugged her graceful shoulders as she sank back into the seat, murmuring, with palpably affected indifference: "Who can tell what contemptible freaks fate will play with us? Upon my word, if I had mistrusted, the train might have gone without me."

"Did you speak to me, madame?" stammered Philip, quite amazed at this little episode, and still more dismayed to perceive that Miss Poindexter was sitting erect, with her head haughtily crested and eyes filled with icy scorn.

The woman, after all, had great self-possession, or powerful will.

With a gay smile she turned to him, and gave one swift glance over his face, as she returned:

"I beg your pardon. I think I must have spoken my thoughts aloud. But, indeed, your face is most familiar. I have met you before. Pardon my wretched memory! I am Madame De Leivenéz. And your name is—"

"Philip Laing—Madame De Leivenéz," he returned, hesitating a little before he asserted that they could never have met before.

The bold blue eyes went over his features searching once more.

"Ah, I know you!" she exclaimed. "You were pointed out to me at the little chapel there at Lambert Close, only yesterday. At the christening, you know. You are Mark Lambert's nephew. But what is of more moment to me, you are Marion Lambert's child, and my old-time hero—Captain Laing's son. My dear young man, there were plenty of indignant hearts at that christening. Such folly in that idiotic old invalid!"

Philip gave a deprecating little wave of the hand, and said, quietly:

"And you also knew my mother?"

The lady turned a heavy gold bracelet curiously fretted and intricately linked, while she answered, with another little mocking shrug of the shoulders in Miss Poindexter's direction:

"Even I, also! She was my dearest schoolgirl friend. We corresponded long after she went to India, and I visited her as soon as she returned to England, after your poor father's death, to offer her my condolences. I remember the bonny lad you were even then. And how proud she was of you! Why, my husband took you out in our yacht from Dover—do you not remember it?"

"Yes, I do remember that," answered Philip, eagerly.

Another time he might have enjoyed the meeting and the remembrance. Now he was nervously conscious of that haughty face on the other side of the coach. Could he not speak freely to each of these new acquaintances, or must he ignore one to recognize the other?

Madame De Leivenéz shook out the folds of her dress, filled a bit of lint from the fringe of her mantel, and said, with a half-coquettish air:

"How very delightful this is! To talk with you will beguile away what might have been one of the most tedious hours of my experience. I heard that you had traveled much since your mother's death. You must know that I also have flitted everywhere. Let us compare experiences. I am sure that your observations will be keen and accurate. Where did you linger longest?"

It was evident that madame was still a fascinating woman.

Notwithstanding that she had acknowledged herself one of his mother's contemporaries, she showed no signs of age. Her complexion was still fair and smooth, and if that soft pink flush owed its delicate becomingness to art, it was so skillfully done that no one could confidently assert such slander. She had a way of opening those great blue eyes, and looking up into a companion's face with sweet ingenuousness, that was extremely winning and irresistibly flattering.

Philip found himself wondering how Miss Poindexter could glare so freezing upon this charming little woman; when the latter settled into a genial prattle, waiting patiently and deferentially for his opinions, and showing very palpably of how much importance she considered them.

How should he suspect the triumph of the speaker's thought, while she was talking on airily and brilliantly, and that grand, proud figure in the corner of the coach sat rigidly erect and freezingly silent?

"Arctic icicle! Adamantine mountain!" was Madame De Leivenéz's savage inward cry, while those smiling red lips babbled on their pretty similes and graceful sentences. "I will stab you where I know the wound will find the vulnerable

spot. Is this frank-browed youth a pleasing companion to you? Have you built any new hopes upon his companionship or guidance? Then will I show you how I can win him to me. I will throw my spells around him, and you shall feel how powerless you are!"

It was not strange that the young man's attention was won away from his first acquaintance.

Madame talked brilliantly, and used the most powerful fascination of all—that delicately deferential look and tone, which so palpably assured her listener that she considered it worth her while to do her very best to meet his high standard and keen perceptions.

She spoke often of his mother, and alluded again and again to the visit of condolence she had made to the young widow in her hour of desolation. Had her wily intuition divined that this had been Ermenzarde Poindexter's one bitter regret—her own defection in the case?

Philip made one effort to recognize Miss Poindexter's presence.

"Ah, yes," he said, as she was repeating her surprise and pleasure at this unexpected meeting with her old friend's son, "I am wondering a little over it myself. Truly, one often believes that unseen machinery is wearing constantly the web we only see as the pattern is completed, though we form unconsciously the woof, and may help to set the warp ourselves. I set my face towards London today with a somewhat dreary feeling in my heart; to a lonely bark set adrift upon untried seas, I likened myself. And see, already I have made the acquaintance of two of my mother's friends, on this very train. You are the second, Madame De Leivenéz, to tell me kindly of interest in her son for my mother's sake."

He made a little motion with his head towards Miss Poindexter, and gave the latter lady a kindly, beseeching smile, hoping from the bottom of his heart that she would unbend from her frigidity and join the conversation.

She just drooped her head in the slightest possible recognition of his allusion; there might have been one flicker of sombre wistfulness of the deep, dark eyes, but not a word came from the cold lips—no faintest smile stirred their proud calm.

Once again madame shrugged those graceful, expressive shoulders of hers, and then she took a sudden resolution. She knew her opponent well enough to be sure that it was safe, and she was quite aware what a *coup d'état* it would be in this case. How much further it would set her in this young man's high opinion than any amount of talk and effort in other directions!

"Ah, yes," she said, "I understand you. You refer to Miss Poindexter yonder. Of course I have recognized her; how could I help it? for are we not cousins? But I am not in her good graces. Ah, no! she is very angry with me. Poor little me! who cannot make her understand how innocent I feel myself. But she can be a powerful friend to you. And your mother deserved it of her!"

While Philip sat quite disconcerted by this explanation, madame suddenly started to her feet. She put out both the exquisitely shaped, tiny hands. Her face had on its most winning look of childish appeal, the red lips were curved pathetically, a tear was actually swimming on the bright blue iris of those large, appealing eyes.

"Ermenzarde!" she cried out, sorrowfully. "See! if there is anywhere that you believe I have done you wrong, I ask you to pardon me! I am weak and foolish and silly, you know; not at all strong and grand and tragically superb, like you. Let us be friends again; that would be a good thing. And for Marion's son to be the means of peacemaking, would be so sweet a recompense!"

What a sweet and winning creature she seemed! Philip felt his own eyes growing dim and his heart swelling

spoke a few words to her in an undertone. It was at this moment, while the maid was standing before and yet bending over her, that there came the sudden shock and jar! The grinding, tearing crash—the horrible upheaving and downfelling of everything about them! Philip heard Parsons's wild cry and madame's scream blending as they were all flung together, but no sound, or sigh, or sob from Miss Pindexter. There were a few moments of unconsciousness for Philip, and then his breath came back, and he found himself pinned down by a pile of *débris* of all sorts. He heard great shouts and wild cries, and, above them, brave, cheery voices shouting for all the sufferers to be of good cheer, efficient help was coming.

It was only a few moments before willing hands had removed the side of the shattered coach, and he was able to crawl forth and discover, with fervent thanksgiving to the Providence which had sheltered him, that his limbs were still in sound condition, and that, beyond a few bruises and his tattered coat, he had no injuries.

But his companions?

"Good heavens! There are three ladies buried beneath this heap of ruins!" he cried out, in consternation, the moment memory returned.

And he fell to work furiously to lift off and disengage the mass of broken wood and twisted iron, and rent upholstery, before him. The remnant of two coaches were piled together, having been checked and held on the edge of the steep embankment, down which the locomotive and forward coach had plunged headlong, and where a crowd of men were doing their best to extricate suffering fellow-creatures from a sickening mass of burning coal and hissing steam and dismembered bodies.

Madame De Leivénéz was the first one reached. She was in a dead faint, and there was an ugly purple welt across one arm, but the massive gold bracelet had for once been of better service than mere ornament; it was bent and marred, but had undoubtedly saved the bone from breakage, by receiving the full force of the blow.

She was carried away from the sickening scene of disaster, and laid upon a bank of green turf in the vicinity, where she must have speedily returned to consciousness, for, while Philip was drawing forth poor Parsons, whose head fell limply over his supporting arm, and whose blackened temple and protruding eyes told a ghastly story, Madame De Leivénéz came creeping down to him, and stood shuddering and moaning while the poor maid was handed over to a physician, who shook his head dismal at the first glance into her face.

The larger number of the crowd of watching bystanders had collected below, where they could watch the scene of most deadly disaster. But there was yet a deep ring of unhurt passengers and local denizens of the rural hamlet where the accident had occurred, who were hovering about those upper ruins. Through these Madame De Leivénéz pushed her way, and came to lay her shaking hand upon Philip's arm.

"Have you found her yet?" she asked, in a voice that was scarcely audible. "You are safe, and I am safe. The maid is dead, they tell me. What of Ermenzarde Poindexter?"

"Do not stay here—go away! It is no sight for you," groaned Philip, while he steadied a huge upholstered plank, beneath which shone up white and still as a marble mask the broad forehead and closed eyes of her sought. The men who assisted him worked cautiously, but swiftly. In a few moments more the stirless figure was lifted tenderly out.

The physician came forward promptly with his remedies.

"What a magnificent physique!" he said to Philip, who was assisting him in every possible way. "An ideal Zenobia. If that forehead can be rightly interpreted, this is no common woman, but a grand creature, full of proudest possibilities."

"Is she living?" demanded Philip, impatiently, for the still, marble pallor was so much like death that his heart misgave him.

"Don't you receive the fluttering beat of the throat? The nervous shock is the worst injury, though there is a sprained wrist there. The body of the poor woman who was killed must have shielded her when the crash came. Hush!"

He drew cautiously back, and left Philip to face the first wild glance of the great dark eyes, which were opening slowly.

"Where is this?" demanded Miss Poindexter, in a faint but clearly audible voice, almost as soon as her eyes found Philip's face.

He looked around him confusedly.

"I am sure I cannot say. We are still far away from London, I fear," was the reply.

"From London?" repeated she, in a strange voice, full, it would seem, of dreary bitterness and disappointment. "Then—then—" She tried to raise herself, but sank weakly back, as she finished, sorrowfully: "Then we have not—died! Life and its trials are still before me."

Philip knew no answer to make to this. He glanced appealingly to the physician.

"You have had a very narrow escape from death. And you feel the weakness, but you will soon regain your strength. The other, who was killed, saved you undoubtedly from the most dangerous blow."

"The other—who was killed?" was repeated, feebly. And then she closed her eyes, and a shudder ran through her whole figure. "How horrible!—oh, how horrible!" she went on. "One moment gay, smiling, triumphant, with her syren looks and her false heart exalting in its mockery of truth—and the next—through the gulf—over the dark sea—at the judgment-seat! Oh, my hard heart is melted at last! Death cancels the deepest wrong. I forgive her! I forgive her!"

"Poor Parsons! I hope she knows it there beyond; she is forgiven for taking the blow which

saved you from death!" said a light, mocking voice; and Madame De Leivénéz stepped forward in full view, and stood there, until Ermenzarde opened her eyes and looked at her.

Then she gave a strange, malicious smile that was singularly ghastly upon her pale face, dropped a courtesy, and walked away to find her own attendants among the crowd of helpless people surging about the coaches, that had broken their couplings in time to save them from the catastrophe in front.

"She is not dead—not dead!" Philip heard Miss Poindexter saying this softly to herself; and at length, with a long, deep-drawn breath, she finished: "Heaven is merciful—yes; I can be thankful for that!"

"Do you think you can stand?" asked the physician.

But he touched his forehead with a meaning gesture, and Philip knew that he suspected that the shock had disturbed her brain.

"I will try. My arm pains me, and my head swims; but I think I can soon walk," was her reply. "Philip Laing."

"Yes," said Philip, meekly.

"You will know what is best to be done. Do not leave me, whatever betides. Take me to my home in London by the first means at hand. My address is on the cards in my bag. Faithful Parsons must also be attended to. I put the charge of everything into your hands. Promise me that you will not leave me—that nothing—that no one—shall entice you from this trust I put upon you."

"I promise," answered Philip. And in the midst of all this excitement he marvelled at the great diversion of plans which this sudden chance had put upon him.

"Then I will rest content. Take the physician with us, if he can be spared, and get me away from this dreadful scene. Do not mind if I swoon; get me away! I fear my head will not stand the horror!"

By this time they were bringing their ghastly burdens from the hopeless wreck below. The shriek of the locomotive coming in answer to the telegraphed call for help was announcing its near approach. Worse confusion than ever was likely to ensue when the relief-train poured its crowd upon them.

"Yes," said the physician, promptly; "she must be taken away out of sight of all this. The train will bring other doctors, and all needed service. I will go with you, if you wish. She is evidently a person of prominence, and should be tenderly cared for."

"I wish we need not take a train to London. I fear the effect of it," said Philip, gravely. "If only she could rest to-night in some quiet spot, without further disturbance."

"You can bring her to our cottage," said a gentle voice behind him.

He turned to see a slender girl standing close beside them, gazing with pitying eyes upon the pallid face and closed eyes of the sufferer.

Her face was very sweet and lovely, and something in its noble lineaments struck him familiarly, as if he had seen its likeness somewhere in pictured or living semblance.

"The cottage is near, and sweet and comfortable—across that field only," she added, eagerly. "Two men could easily carry her, and I will lead the way."

"Let us go, then," exclaimed Philip. And the doctor nodded acquiescence.

(To be continued.)

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

ZULFIKAR PASS.

Russia, having gained an inch, is now preparing to take an ell, and demands that Zulfikar and Maruchak be considered as in Russian territory. The Ameer of Afghanistan has hitherto considered the possession of these places of vital importance in maintaining the integrity of his dominions. It is now stated that, alarmed at England's failure to resent Russian encroachments upon his domains, he is preparing for the worst. Our picture is a view of the Zulfikar Pass, taken from Goolar, on the western bank of the Heri-Rud River.

The Pass itself is on the eastern bank, and glimpses of the river may be seen through the openings of the lower hills on the Goolar side. It will be seen that the stratification produces cliffs extending like long terraces along the upper part of the hills. "Zulfikar" was the name of Ali's sword, a weapon as my tie and celebrated as the famous "Excalibur," the sword of Arthur; and the tradition is, that the Pass was cleft by a blow with it given by the Khalif. This picture of the Zulfikar Pass will show what a strong position it is, even without the aid of the military engineers; and when it is stated that the ground from Pul-i-Khatun to Zulfikar, a space of nearly thirty miles, contains within it all the strategical positions of importance between Sarakhs and Herat on the Heri-Rud, the character of the Russian claims will be understood. A common feature of the landscape in this part of the world is introduced; when the long grass is dry, it catches fire, and sends up a high column of black smoke.

THE LATE ALPHONSE DE NEUVILLE.

Alphonse de Neuville, whose death occurred in Paris last week, ranked, after Meissonier, among the foremost of modern painters of military scenes. The only other artist rivaling him in merit was Edouard Detaille, his intimate friend and associate in art, who, with him, painted, some years ago, a panorama of the "Battle of Champaigny." M. de Neuville was born at Saint-Omer in 1836, and was given an excellent education by his parents. His father wished to have him follow a diplomatic career, and with that end in view obtained for him a clerkship in the Foreign Office. Young De Neuville, however, soon threw up his position and entered the preparatory school at Lorient, declaring that he would be a soldier. At this school he showed marked ability in drawing, which was quickly noticed and encouraged by the drawing-master. To satisfy the earnest wishes of his family, De Neuville finally went to Paris and entered a law school. When, sometime afterwards,

his father visited him, he found that the young man had spent most of his time, with sketch-book in hand, at the military school or the Champs de Mars, making himself familiar with all of a soldier's life that could there be learned. When De Neuville returned home from the law school he declared that he would be a painter or nothing. After a year of opposition from his father, he took a small studio, and went to work. His first picture, "The Gervais Battery," was accepted by the Salon of 1859, and took a medal of the third class. Two years later his "Chasseurs of the Guard" took a second medal at the Salon, and De Neuville had earned a place among French military painters. Commissions were not yet numerous, however, and the painter, in order to live, had for some time to make woodcuts for illustrated publications. The war of 1870-71 gave M. de Neuville a capital opportunity, and he was quick to seize it. From that time on there was no lack of orders nor of money. In 1873 "The Last Cartouches at Balan" won for him the Cross of the Legion of Honor. One of his best works was "The Attack by Fire on a Barricaded House at Villers-sel," which was exhibited in 1874. In 1875 he exhibited "A Surprise near Metz, August, 1870," and in 1877 he showed "An Episode in the Battle of Forbach, August 6th, 1870," and a portrait. One of his most important paintings, "Le Bourget," is in the collection of Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt. This picture tells a story, made familiar through engravings, of the handful of French officers and soldiers who held a church against a division of the Prussian army until cannon and musketry nearly destroyed the building and almost annihilated the heroic band. This was painted in 1878, and is the finest example of the artist in this country. M. de Neuville was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in 1881.

BURNING OF THE JAPANESE VILLAGE, IN LONDON.

On Saturday morning, the 2d instant, just at the beginning of the London season, when all the pleasant novelties in town are eagerly visited by crowds of sightseers, the pretty model of a Japanese village, at Kensington, was destroyed by an accidental fire. This interesting establishment, which was the property of Mr. Tannaker Buhler, was erected at the back of Humphrey's Hall, nearly opposite the Guards' Barracks, in the Knightsbridge Road. The group of temporary structures, which had been put up in seven weeks, being of the flimsiest material and most inflammable, blazed up and was consumed in about half an hour. Our illustration shows the remains of the principal entrance, after the roof had fallen in. The chief building, if it may be called a building, part of which consisted of two floors, was 150 feet by 140 feet in dimensions; it contained a great variety of articles imported at large expense from Japan, and the proprietor reckons his loss at £15,000, of which only £5,000 was insured. The poor Japanese work-people and their families were happily able to escape, with one exception—a young man named En-nemi, a woodcarver, who perished. Mr. Buhler, with much spirit, has resolved to create the village anew.

THE MILLENNIUM OF ST. CYRIL AND ST. METHODIUS.

On April 6th the Slavonian world celebrated with great pomp the thousandth anniversary of the death of St. Methodius. The brothers Cyril and Methodius were the Slav apostles. They not only introduced and preached Christianity among their own tribes, but also invented the Slav alphabet and translated the Bible into that language, which to this day is the Church language of Russia, Bulgaria, Servia and Montenegro. St. Methodius was the first Bishop of Moravia. He was deposed by a council of the Roman Catholic Bishops, and thrown into prison. Pope Leo XII., however, has canonized him, and the Church of Russia canonized both Cyril and Methodius twenty years ago. On April 6th there were religious processions throughout Russia. Many schools have been opened in memory of the Slavonian apostles. The Roman Catholics also celebrated the millennium in Moravia and other Catholic countries.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ACCORDING to the report of H. G. Hank, the total number of mineral species already found in the State of California is 161.

PASTEUR'S method of vaccination for cattle-plague has proved completely successful in India for elephants, horses, asses, cows, buffaloes and sheep.

Apeculiar decomposition sometimes occurs in cheese, during which, if eaten, it produces symptoms closely resembling those due to irritant poisons. Such cheese may be at once detected by its strongly acid reaction with litmus-paper.

M. H. DESLANDRES ("Comptes Rendus") finds that the spectrum of incandescent water presents bands similar to the absorption-bands of oxygen at low temperatures; moreover, there are two series of bands, and not a single one, and these bands in the vapor of water are considerably broadened.

THE result of the labors of the committee appointed in England to inquire into the relative efficiency of oil, gas and electricity, for the purpose of lighthouse illumination, is, in effect, that the combustion illuminants have much the same properties, their relative values being chiefly affected by questions of cost, heat and facility of employment, and that the electric light is not only the best for clear weather, but for penetrating a fog.

A MEDICAL aeration of the sick-room, by which various atmospheric conditions are secured, is now successfully resorted to. In producing a sea atmosphere, a solution is used, and diffused as spray, consisting of a solution of peroxide of hydrogen, ten volumes strength, containing 1 per cent. of ozonic ether, iodine to saturation, and 2.50 per cent. of sea salt. This solution, placed in a steam or hand-spray diffuser, can be distributed in the finest spray in the sick-room at the rate of two fluid ounces in a quarter of an hour. It communicates a pleasant sea odor, and it is a powerful disinfectant, as well as a deodorizer, acting briskly on ozonized test solutions and papers.

MERCURY AS BALLAST IS thus commented upon by Engineering: "Some members of the New York Yacht Club propose to use as ballast during the racing season flasks of mercury. The idea that the liquid ballast will aid a vessel's progress by the impact of its swaying is very widespread, and was certainly in vogue many years ago, as Lord Nelson is said to have used it in naval operations by fastening casks of water from the mainstay for the purpose of increasing the speed of the vessel. Mercury would form a superior ballast, as its heaviness would reduce the centre of gravity of a yacht lower than an equal weight of lead or iron; but it seems strange that its liquid state should credit it with some latent means for augmenting the speed of a craft."

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

EMPEROR WILLIAM of Germany is again ill.

EX-GOVERNOR FOSTER, of Ohio, denies that he aspires to Mr. Sherman's seat in the United States Senate.

BANGS & CO., the New York auctioneers, have in preparation, for a sale in the Fall, a catalogue of the library of the late Richard Grant White.

REV. W. F. PRICE has been called to the pastoral of the Madison Avenue (New York) Congregational Church, as successor of Rev. Dr. Newman.

MRS. MACKAY, of Paris, has found in M. Cabanel a painter who, according to her ideas of art, knows better than Meissonier what to paint and what to leave unpainted.

THE marriage of Miss Edwina Booth, only daughter of Edwin Booth, and Mr. Edward Grossman, took place May 16th, at the residence of the bride's father, No. 29 Chestnut Street, Boston.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL HAZEN has brought a suit for libel in the Supreme Court of New York city against George Jones, the editor and proprietor of the *New York Times*. He lays his claim for damages at \$100,000.

"TO THE Officers and Soldiers Engaged in the War of the Rebellion, and also those Engaged in the War in Mexico, these Volumes are Dedicated," are the words that General Grant has written as an Introduction to his book.

SENATORS DAWES, Ingalls, Morgan, Hampton, Maxey and Jones, of the Senate Committee on Indian Affairs, have gone West to look into the general condition of the Indians, the titles and leasing of lands to cattle-men, and various other questions that may arise.

EDWARD HANLAN, the oarsman, has returned from Australia, in excellent health. As to his defeat by Beach, he says: "I simply met a better man than I was at the time. I was beaten fairly and squarely. I will return to Australia in eighteen months and try him again."

GARIBALDI'S memoirs, a mass of autograph manuscripts, have been arranged and edited. At a family council it was decided to accede to the request of the Italian Government to delay the publication of the memoirs until ten years after the date of Garibaldi's death.

HERR HANS RICHTER is said, after his recent investiture with the title of Doctor of Music, conferred by Oxford University, to have astonished his orchestra by appearing on duty in his doctoral robes of cream-colored satin with cherry-colored sleeves, and wielding his rolled-up diploma as a baton.

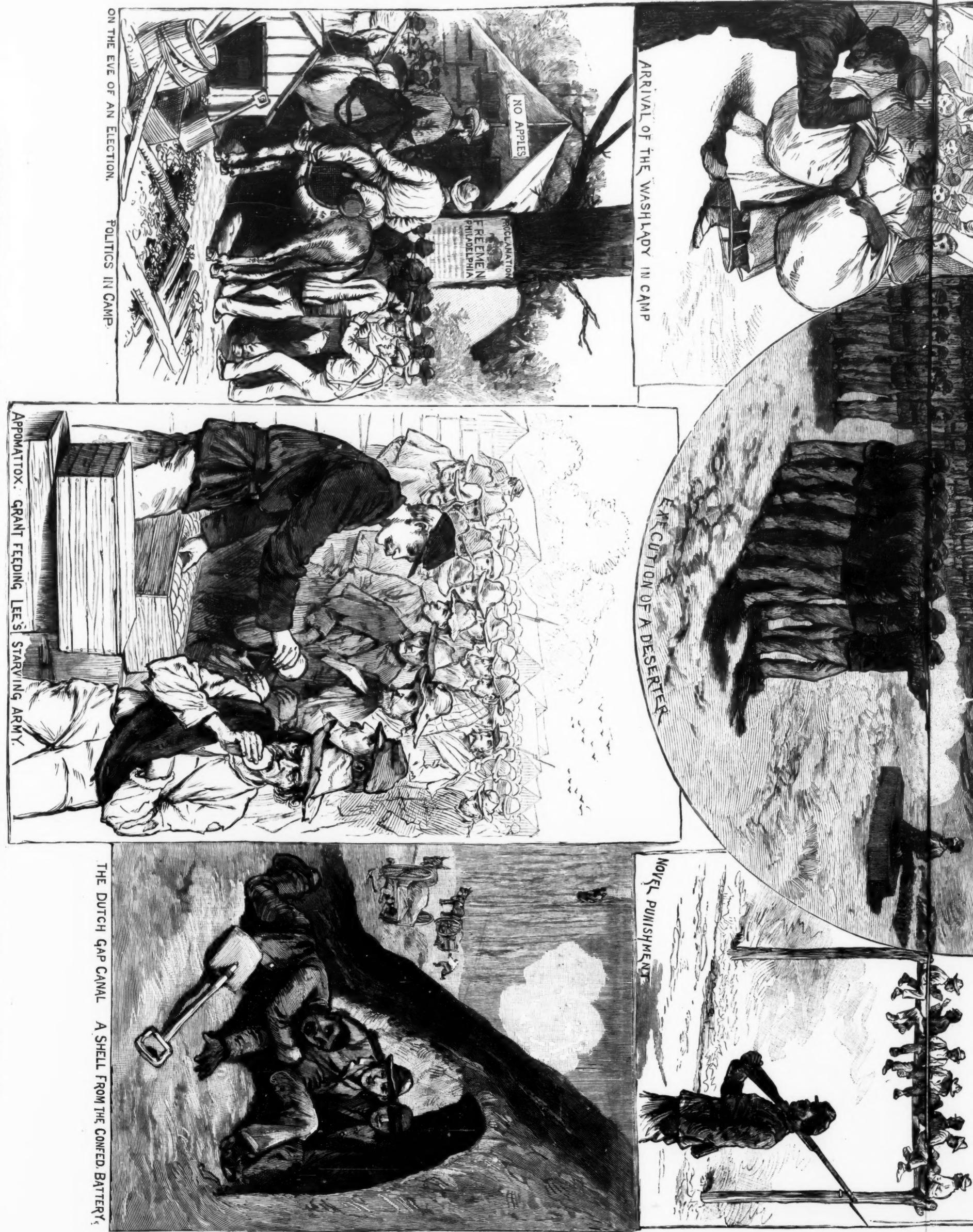
JOHN HUGHES KELLY, son of Eugene Kelly, the banker, of New York city, was drowned while bathing in the Sabinas River, forty kilometers north of Lampazos, Mexico, on the 19th instant. He left New York on the 10th of April to officiate as groomsman at his brother's wedding, on the 23d ultimo, at Monterrey, Mexico.

MR. STUART CUMBERLAND, after having cleared £50,000 by reading minds, will shortly retire and enter British politics as a Tory Democrat, seeking Parliamentary preferment. He has most interesting views as to the employment of his peculiar gifts in discovering what schemes are in the heads of his fellow-politicians, and he expects to be very terrible to the Treasury bench at question time.

AMONG the stories which have the largest popular sale are those which have "The Duchess" for an author. The identity has been carefully concealed. The books are originally published in London by different firms, through whom American publishers have dealt. All efforts to get at the writer have failed. Now it is asserted that the productions are the work of various hands.

M. CLARETIE, the French writer, whose romantic drama, entitled "Le Prince Zilah," is having a successful run at the Paris Gymnase, has some very finical methods of composition. He cannot, for example, do his journalistic work on paper of any other size than the ordinary note; for fiction, he demands sheets of a larger size and of a green color; and for dramatic criticism, he uses white paper.

PAUL DE CASSAGNAC, equally noted as journalist, politician and duellist, says his skill with the sword is not due to assiduous practice in youth. "I never was a good fencer," he says, "and never cared to be. I fenced only to amuse





THE HANGING-BASKET.

FROM that dim border-land that lies
"Twixt day-dreams and the dreams of night,
There visited my weary eyes
A vision of delight.

I saw a hanging-basket there,
A lone, green island in the air,
And from the side did downward twine,
In clasping, clinging folds, a tender vine.

I saw and dreamily admired,
Then slept in peaceful slumber deep
God's blessing on the weak and tired
In sweet, refreshing sleep.

I woke to see that floating vine
Still in the air its tendrils twine—
A feeble hand outstretched for aid,
It seemed to be, that some small succor prayed.

Stirred by the breeze that faintly swept,
The basket swung, light swayed the vine,
And towards a slender pillar crept,
Round which it sought to twine.

Thus do the heart's affections reach
Hither and thither, and beseech
Uplifting; striving, falling short,
In confident, blind search for love's support.

I slept again, again awoke,
For subtle yearnings deep and strange
My quiet rest for ever broke
By some new spirit-change.

For as the weak hand needeth aid,
As human hearts for love were made,
So must my soul still seek for Thee,
Supporter and Sustainer, lift Thou me!

EMMA SALES.

THE SILENT WITNESS.

CHAPTER XXIX.—(CONTINUED.)

THE midnight outgoing train moved gently from under the cavernous roof of the station-house, rumbled slowly and carefully through the streets of the lower city, quickened its pace gradually as the houses fell further and further away from its track—when with one wild shriek and a whirr and a clatter of ever-accelerated motion sped into the free, open country, as if gladly flinging from its iron-shod feet the dust of the sin-stained city.

Calm, star-light over head; peace, immunity, rest! Dim lamp-light all about; anguish, narrowness, unrest! Oh, who would live alway! The barren fact of existence did not seem a very precious boon to one among the many who herded in that crowded car, self-enveloped and callously indifferent to the tales of joy or woe that were written in characters more or less legible upon every face there gathered.

Lowering the sash, Catherine Kendall leaned her burning forehead against the window-frame, so that the cold, wet night air might cool its fevered surface. With her clasped hands folded upon her lap, and her sad eyes fixed upon the moving panorama of the star-lighted landscape, she yielded herself up to bitterest reflection.

In solemn array, and in the order of their own selection, she passed in review the events of the past four years. She dwelt with indignation upon Gregory's mad mistake—with tender gratitude upon Hugh Gorham's guardianship of herself and child. With pitying remorse upon the blight her presence had brought upon the happy home of the Havershams—with sternest self-reproach that she had ever allowed herself to listen to its master's loving solicitations, but so exhausted was she mentally and physically, that she seemed to be striving to investigate a puzzle that had grown flat, stale and wearisome. Sleep mercifully came to her deliverance, and the white lids kindly sealed the sad eyes that seemed vainly endeavoring to pierce the thick black veil of her future.

How long she slept she never knew; but, awaking with a start, she discovered that she had been the object of somebody's watchful care. The sash had been lowered to protect her from the chill night air, and a large soft plaid had been folded and placed between her head and the hard frame of the window. She who, with hard, dry eyes, had parted with the husband of her youth and yielded up her only child, fell to sobbing like a broken-hearted child over these little tokens that somebody had looked on her in kindness while she slept—some hand had been outstretched to ward off pain from her. After all, she was but a woman—a lonely, heartsick woman, hungering for affection—pining for one touch of that human sympathy which makes the whole world kin.

Her first softening surprise sobbed away, Catherine wiped her eyes and glanced about her to discover, if possible, who among all those nodding, recumbent, sleep-overpowered passengers could have so befriended her. Her first glance conveyed the impression that in all that car her own were the only open eyes.

Turning slightly in her seat, she saw advancing towards her Hugh Gorham's commanding form. He seated himself quietly by her side, and, scanning her sad white face with his earnest eyes, he said:

"You should take better care of yourself than to fall asleep, with the night dews wetting your hair."

"Better care of myself!" she answered, passionately. "Why should I take any care of myself? Why should I care to preserve a life that means nothing to any one? Is it worth one's while to labor and strive for the maintenance of a body in which the soul is dead, from which the heart has been crushed, from which every good and quickening impulse has fled?"

"It is natural that you should both feel and talk that way just now. You are a woman, and a suffering woman. But you are not a weak one, when you are at yourself. You do know that your life means everything to me. It is worth your while to labor and strive for the life of your body, as well as your soul. We will inevitably,

sooner or later, Catherine, gravitate towards each other. By the unalterable law of fitness you will at last find your home in my arms. As the days pass on, when the soreness of your present sorrows for your child wears out of your heart, you will come to feel what I have felt ever since I have known you, that we *need* each other. While you slept I pressed my lips to yours. It was *my seal* of possession, my sign of ownership. This might insult a commonplace woman. You dare not misunderstand me. You know I have given you the one solitary, abiding, soul-absorbing love of my life. As long as there was one hope of reconciliation between you and the weakling who has worked such mischief to us all, I held my peace. The law is a friend to those whom man has joined and God has put asunder. It holds the key that loosens the fetters of the bond-slave when they gall beyond endurance. Shall you and I always walk asunder, Catherine, because in your immature girlhood you made a mistake? I know what you are thinking. Your heart responds to every word I have said, for I have simply uttered truths that belong to you and me in common. The spirit of conventionalism within you is startled. Notwithstanding your declaration of utter and entire loneliness, you are wondering what people would say. I, too, have had a thought of that for your sake. But I could not let you slip away from me to-night, to go I know not where, without exacting from you a promise to let me exercise that guardianship over your welfare that is mine to exercise by every moral and manly right. I will be very patient, Catherine; but you must give me some assurance to-night upon which to feed my heart—my haggard, thirsting soul—my darling, my own, in the sight of heaven!"

"If I could give you that asked-for assurance, if I could give you anything upon which to feed the passion you have declared for me, I would be all unworthy of its continuance. You have done wrong to come near me. I only ask for rest. I cannot think, I cannot hope, I cannot respond; whether am I drifting? Is it into insanity, that my head throbs so, and I find it hard even to grasp the full meaning of your words? The problem of life is too hard for me. I relinquish my claim to all my vaunted strength of mind! There is a weak, womanly, animal instinct within me, moving me to clasp your hand, to cling to your side, to listen to the words that hint of rest and shelter in your arms. If it is a sin to love you, then my soul is deeply dyed; but all weak and wavering as I am, confused as my ideas of right and wrong seem to become under the blurring effects of your passion-dictated logic. Hugh Gorham, I will not yield me up to it. I—"

"Medway!" The word was flung into their midst by the conductor with all the force of his lungs and the indifference of habitués. He knew of no passenger booked for that station.

"Medway, home, rescue, refuge!" and Catherine Kendall sprang quickly to her feet, threw off the hand that was outstretched to detain her, almost flew towards the open door, and sprang upon the platform just as the cars were once more set slowly in motion. A stern, dark face was framed in the window she had just quitted; by the flare of the lamps she could see the reproach in his eyes.

"I could not help it," she said, stepping to the edge of the platform to send her voice into him. "Do not seek to find me."

"I shall not. But you will find me! My seal is set! It cannot be broken! The mills of the gods grind slowly!"

CONCLUSION.

HUGH GORHAM was summering at Nice. Not that he needed the air of this mild Southern resort for his health. He had never been more magnificently unconscious of a physique than at present. He was circling the habitable, *i.e.*, the fashionable, world over in search of the woman who had eluded his grasp at a little wayside station called "Medway," now some three years gone.

How often, but how bitterly, he had repented him of the rashly spoken words that had frightened her from his side. If he had only waited, waited patiently for one short year, one little year, all the lease of life that had been granted poor Gregory Kendall in which to enjoy the innocent love and companionship of his child, before the shattered constitution had given way and he had been laid away to be forgotten, together with all the weakness and the errors that had wrought such misery for them all.

Somewhere in Europe Mrs. Kendall was traveling without her daughter. To find her was now the one object of Mr. Gorham's life. It had appeared to him to border on the marvelous that a widow, young, beautiful, and in command of wealth, should not have cast about her a sort of electric radiance that would shed its beams on the just and on the unjust, serving to guide his bewildered steps to her chosen resting-spot.

A vague rumor had directed him to Nice. He knew that she was alone, for Rosa was then at school in the States. He had arrived only the week before, and now that he was here, fell to wondering what should be the next step in his ardent pilgrimage. He had taken rooms at the most fashionable hotel, thinking it a matter of course that she would seek companionship in a

place where he could meet her. "Pardon, but did not monsieur drop this?" The lawyer waved him off with a denial of any interest in the treasure-trove.

"Then, perhaps, monsieur will assist in deciphering the name inside, so that I may trace the owner and restore what may be of immense value to some one."

Mr. Gorham, with something of impatience in his manner, held out his hand for the book. As he opened it, the name of "Catherine Kendall," in the bold, free chirography he knew so well, first met his gaze!

"I know who it belongs to; it is an American lady. I shall restore it to her myself," he said, imperiously, as he buttoned his coat over this precious clew and turned coolly away from the helpless discoverer of it.

"She will advertise for it," the lawyer said to himself. And she did.

Towards noon the next day Mr. Gorham repaired to the place indicated in the advertisement for a "lost diary," to claim the reward promised for its restoration.

"After all, there is nothing in it," said Mrs. Kendall, as, seated placidly by the man from whom she had fled, like one possessed of a devil, three long years ago, she permitted the fluttering leaves to glide one by one through her fingers. "Diaries are stupid things at the best."

"It is seldom that one of those stupid things proves an instrument in the hands of a kindly Fate, as this one has. My Kate, at last!"

"There is one line under a date that would have conveyed no meaning to any one but you—oh! my love!—and to you it would have told of the torturing days of loving, longing, that has kept me roving like the tireless, restless thing I am." She opened the diary and pointed to the date when she had fled from the proffered shelter of his arms. In it was written, "Left the world to darkness and to me!" Catherine Kendall's eyes were raised in mute adoration to the man of her truest love.

THE END.

ODLUM'S LEAP FROM THE BRIDGE.

THE Brooklyn Bridge has had its Sam Patch in the person of Robert Odlum, who lost his life in jumping from the roadway of that structure to the river below, on Tuesday, the 19th instant. Thefeat was undertaken for a wager. It had been noised about beforehand, in various sporting circles, and on Tuesday afternoon the entire police force of the bridge were on the alert to prevent Odlum from making the attempt. They were baffled by a clever ruse. A confederate of the jumper's, James Haggert by name, dressed himself in a swimming costume, and was driven on the bridge in a cab, taking care to attract the attention of the bridge officers. Odlum himself followed at a short distance in a covered grocery-wagon. The policemen followed and surrounded Haggert in the cab, mistaking him for the man whom they were to watch. Meanwhile, Odlum, dressed in tights, which had been concealed by loose clothing worn over them, sprang from the grocery-wagon and stood upon the south parapet of the bridge, a few rods east of the New York pier. In the river below was stationed a tug-boat, on board which were Captain Paul Boyton and a number of sporting men and actors. A professional swimmer was also on hand in a skiff.

Odlum did not pause for a moment on the parapet. Before the policemen could perceive the trick that had been played upon them, he drew a long breath, and jumped. The distance was 140 feet. The descent occupied three and one-half seconds. For the first hundred feet Odlum held to his upright position and shot straight away like an arrow; then he was turned partly on his right side by an irresistible force which he struggled vainly to oppose. He struck with a terrific crash, partly on his right side. A great cry arose from the multitudes on the bridge overhead, and on the numerous craft in the river. Odlum rose to the surface almost immediately, some distance away from the rowboat, but nearer the tug. A life-preserver was flung from the latter, followed by Captain Boyton, who plunged headlong into the river, clothes and all, and swam vigorously for the unfortunate man. He took him under his left arm and made for one of the small boats, in which he safely secured his charge. They were both soon transferred to the tug, which hurried back to Old Slip.

Odlum was conscious for a while, but his friends noticed the fatal symptoms of blood and spittle oozing between his lips. He responded a little, however, to the application of restoratives, and asked, in an extremely weak voice:

"Well, what kind of a jump did I make?"

There was a chorus of replies that he had done splendidly.

Beyond replying in monosyllables to inquiries about his condition, Odlum spoke no more. At 6.15 o'clock, when the boat was tied to Old Slip wharf, he clutched at the table on which he lay. Violent internal hemorrhage was choking him. He was too weak to resist or to raise himself, and while his friends were running from the dock to the Old Slip station to order an ambulance Odlum died, at 6.18, forty-three minutes after the leap.

The unfortunate man was a native of Washington, and was about forty-six years of age. He was an expert swimmer and a very skillful athlete. For many years he had given exhibitions of his skill as a swimmer, sometimes in the Boyton dress and more frequently without it. His swimming feats have been witnessed at Old Point Comfort for many a season, and in 1882, in May, he saved three lives in as many days. He was about to start from the Brooklyn Bridge to advertise himself and his enterprise.

DECORATION DAY MEMORIES.

IN this number we present interesting illustrations apropos of Decoration Day, which, during the last twenty years, has been the most honored of our patriotic holidays. Every old soldier into whose hands this paper comes will have his blood stirred anew by the pictorial reminiscences of the march and the bivouac, the fight and the truce.

The sombre picture in the centre will recall to many memories the saddest incidents of the war—the culprit kneeling on his coffin, the long lines of military spectators, the unhappy executioners, with rifles at shoulders, compelled to slay a comrade, but unable to banish from their hearts some sense of pity for the wretch whose hardships instigated his crime. It was a scene witnessed more than once by the army around Petersburg, where most of the sketches were taken which form the basis of our page to-day.

Still more familiar to the seasoned soldier will be "Winter Quarters," with its possession of

snow and slush, of fun and discomfort, its daily dole of rations and of medicine, and the well-remembered song, "Come, get your quinine! Come, get your quinine! Come, get your pills!" See the enlarged wood-chuck's hole, where three or four comrades manage to make themselves comfortable, with no ventilation except through the stovepipe sticking out at top! See the tent where the uncanny weather intrudes from every quarter, and its inflammable chimney of flour-barrels set up end to end! To the active mind of the veteran soldier no feature comes back oftener through the mists of twenty years than the grotesque camp architecture, and the multifarious comforts and miseries of Winter quarters.

Another scene—the memory of which gives the old soldier a shudder, and sends a very cold chill creeping down his back—is, "Sleeping in the rain after a hard march." Every soldier that was *really* a soldier had the common experience, and the man who, under those circumstances, could get a pile of rails to sleep on, with their triangular, sharp edges where the matress ought to be, had reason to feel that he was, indeed, a lucky fellow. A very large proportion of our dead owed the ailments which proved mortal to the exposures which were generally inevitable after a long day's march.

The novel punishment, adopted in the camp of a negro regiment, we have illustrated from a sketch taken on the spot. The colored persons had been detected in the act of prosecuting their profession of alienating chickens from the neighboring farms against the orders of the general commanding; and the punishment allotted to them was compelling them to "roost" like the poultry of which they were so fond. They liked it for awhile, and laughed and sang and played cards; but a few hours of the difficult balancing was enough, and then it became an extremely distasteful pastime.

The "arrival of the wash-lady in the camp" in those days was an event that almost ranked in importance and jubilant interest with the coming of the mail-carrier. Some of the boys, indeed, did not patronize that sable goddess of cleanliness, renovating their washable clothing at the nearest brook; but even these were interested to find out the sum-total of the luxurious belongings of their fellows. So her arrival and departure were always the signal for rejoicing.

In the picture of "Avoiding Shells in the Dutch Gap Canal," the work for that futile excavation is going forward in the background to the left, and the alarmed laborers have rushed into one of the artificial retreats in the bank on hearing the alarm, "Look out! shell coming!" That was a familiar shout along the picket-line, when all in range generally sought shelter behind a tree or rock, or comparative safety by lying down.

One of the pathetic scenes of this part of the frontier was Grant's commissary feeding the remnant of Lee's starving army after the surrender near Appomattox. It is illustrated in our page. Nothing has ever done more to enhance the fame of the chief hero of the War than the liberal terms he granted to Lee on that occasion, the attention he gave to the comfort of the vanquished soldiers, and the energy with which he afterwards insisted that the terms he had made should not be violated.

The study of "Politics in Camp" will recall to our great army of citizen-soldiers a scene that has never been witnessed in any other army in the world, when the men laid aside their weapons and their knapsacks and assembled around the ballot-box in 1864, and cast their vote for President. There was, that day, excitement all over the North, somewhat akin to the excitement of the battle, and the soldiers spoke their mind with no uncertain voice.

The allegory, which is set as a caption to these Decoration Day memories, needs no description—Father Time, glancing over his War-diary, and jogging the memory of Dame Columbia as to that famous but melancholy combat of brothers.

THE CAPTURE OF RIEL.

LOUIS RIEL'S career as leader of the rebellion of the *métis* in the Saskatchewan country came to an abrupt end with the fall of Batouche, and his own capture by General Middleton, on the 15th instant. His followers are disheartened, and, so far as the half-breeds are concerned, the rebellion is practically crushed. The Indians, who have gone on the warpath, may still give the Government forces a good deal of trouble, though it is not likely that, left to themselves, they can maintain a belligerent attitude for any considerable time.

The insurgent leader appears to have played a decidedly unheroic part since he has been in General Middleton's custody. He is said to have denied his cause, and to have behaved like a man half-insane. The opinion is now expressed that he is not crazy at all, but, taking advantage of the simplicity of the natives, pretended to possess divine power, and so worked upon their feelings in a manner beyond comprehension. Scouts are still looking for his lieutenant, Gabriel Dumont. Many prominent rebels have now surrendered. Riel declines to be interviewed by correspondents, and has only talked to General Middleton. His conversation continually drifts into religious subjects, which appear to be his hobby.

General Middleton has taken means to relieve the immediate necessities of the half-breeds at Batouche. Flour, bacon and other provisions have been sent in large quantities. After restoring confidence at Prince Albert, General Middleton will probably march across the prairie to Battleford to reinforce Colonel Otter, when the campaign against the Indians will be commenced.

Several of the most important posts of the Hudson Bay Company, in the North Saskatchewan district, have been plundered by the Indians, all the goods carried away or burned, and the officers and people turned adrift to starve. The post at Greenlake, 200 miles north of Edmonton, towards Lake Athabasca, was treated in the manner described. The loss to the company will be incomparable, as hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of goods in transit to Northern posts were at the Greenlake Post. The worst feature of the case is that it indicates that the redskins are rising in the North. It was always hoped hitherto that the Indians had not risen north of the Saskatchewan River.

The disposal of Riel, now that he is a captive, is a question which seriously embarrasses the Dominion Government. They cannot hang or shoot him without antagonizing the French in Quebec, and they cannot let him go without raising a storm in the rest of Canada. Riel's sympathizers have already been active in raising funds for his defense. The Government press organs say there are two processes by which Riel can be tried: First, by a militia general court-martial; and, second, by the ordinary civil tribunals of the Northwest. As an American citizen,

he can be tried in the same way as if he were still a subject of Her Majesty in Canada. There is no complication arising from the fact of his being legally a foreigner. As to those misguided individuals who, being subjects of Her Majesty in Canada, levied war in Canada with Riel, a citizen of a foreign country, the law provides that they may be tried either by militia court-martial or by the civil tribunal, and punishment on conviction is death as felons. In short, the tribunal may be a militia general court-martial, composed of militia officers and officers in the regular army not on full pay, or it may be a stipendiary magistrate and one justice of the peace, with a jury of six. Later advices are to the effect that Riel will be handed over to the civil authorities for trial. Meanwhile, he is held by General Middleton pending further instructions from the Government. Poundmaker, the Indian chief from whom trouble was expected, was quite demoralized by the fall of Riel, and has surrendered with his band at Battleford.

Six weeks ago we published a portrait of Riel in his *mérit* costume. The one which appears this week is from a photograph taken during his residence in Ottawa, some years since.

THE CINCINNATI CATASTROPHE.

ON the afternoon of Thursday last a fire broke out on the fourth floor of the Sullivan Printing Works, No. 19 Sixth Street, Cincinnati. It was caused by the breaking of a bottle of benzine, which took fire from a gaslight, and the flames filled the place almost immediately. On the floor above, eighteen or twenty girls were employed in the bindery connected with the establishment. Escape by way of the elevator was cut off, and the panic-stricken creatures did not think of getting out by way of the roof. They rushed to the front windows. The flames reached forward and caught at them. Five of them leaped from the windows and were crushed to death, or died in a few minutes.

A great crowd, meantime, had gathered and looked on with groans of horror or warning, but powerless to help. One or two brave men tried to catch the girls as they fell, but were only hurt themselves. The men from the next building had caught up a long rope kept for such uses, and, going on the roof, held it over a window. John Sullivan, a youth of twenty-two, and a cousin of the proprietor, saw it, and helped first one girl and then another to catch it, and they were safely lowered. By that time the rest were quiet, and crouching in the corners or on the floor rapidly suffocating. Sullivan then caught the rope, but had barely started downward when the flame reached out and burned the rope off and he fell, never breathing afterward. By this time the firemen had arrived. So well did they work that in five minutes they were able to enter the building and go to the fifth floor. Here the shrivelled bodies of ten girls were found. The tragedy had been consummated in the shortest possible time. Not over twenty minutes had elapsed since the explosion of the benzine.

The fire itself, in this case, was comparatively a small matter, but sixteen persons perished. This fearful loss of life was due to panic rather than to the want of means of escape, although the reckless folly of building wooden staircases around an elevator shaft of the same material, in a building intended to be occupied by large numbers of work-people, was illustrated here, as it has been in too many other occurrences of a like fatality.

MILITARY FESTIVITIES IN NEW ORLEANS.

THE grand inter-State Drill at New Orleans, which began on the 11th and terminated on the 16th instant, gave to that city a week of brilliant military festivities. The camp at the Exposition Grounds was named Camp Endicott, in honor of the Secretary of War, and was commanded by Brevet Major Ewing, who conducted it on a strict military basis. It was laid out in accordance with army regulations, was properly drained, and lighted by electricity. Seating capacity was provided for 6,000 people.

The leading military commands entered for the competitive drills were as follows:

Infantry—Chickasaw Guards, Memphis, Tenn.; Houston Light Guard, Houston, Tex.; Company F, Louisville Legion; Mobile Rifles, Mobile, Ala.; Savannah Cadets, Savannah, Ga.; Richland Volunteer Rifle Company; Janesville (Wis.) Guards; Iberia Guards, New Iberia, La.; St. Mary's Volunteers, Franklin, La.

Cadets—Baton Rouge Cadets, Baton Rouge, La.; Tuscaloosa (Ala.) Cadets; Bingham School Cadets, North Carolina; South Carolina Military Academy, Charleston, and Auburn Cadets, Auburn, Ala.

Artillery—Indianapolis Light Artillery, Indianapolis, Ind.; Battery A, Galveston Artillery; Battery B, Louisiana Field Artillery, and Battery C, Washington Artillery.

Zouaves—Busch Zouaves, of St. Louis, Mo.; Richardson Zouaves, Indianapolis, Ind.

The Board of Judges was composed of the following officers of the Third Artillery, United States Army: Lieutenants W. E. Birkhimer, B. H. Randolph and C. B. Satterlee.

On the 16th instant, the last day of the drill, the awarding of prizes took place under the live oaks in front of the Art Hall. At least 6,000 persons were present. On the platform sat in groups the sponsors of the respective companies and their maids-of-honor. A very pretty feature of the ceremony was the attention paid the prize-takers by their sponsors. As each soldier stepped forward, the sponsor gracefully pinned on his hand some uniform her colors. The decision of the judges was announced as follows:

FOR INFANTRY.

First Prize—Two thousand dollars and a gold medal, presented by the Board of Management of the World's Exposition. United States prize—A magnificent medal studded with diamonds and precious stones, presented by the United States Commissioners. A gold medal for captain of victorious company, donated to the management by Mr. M. Scooter. Second prize—\$500. Additional prize (from which companies winning at Mobile were barred)—\$500. No. 1—Houston Light Guards, Houston, Tex., Captain Thomas Scurry, No. 2—Mobile Rifles, Mobile, Ala., Captain Dick Roper. No. 3—Chickasaw Guards, Memphis, Tenn., Captain S. Carnes. No. 4—Company F, Louisville Legion, Louisville, Ky., Captain Grinstead. Prize for companies from rural parishes of Louisiana, \$500. No. 1—St. Mary's Volunteers, Franklin, La.

FOR CADETS.

First Prize—Handsome medal from Board of Management of the World's Exposition and \$500. Second Prize—Set of Appleton's Encyclopedias, donated to the management by D. Appleton & Co., New York. Third Prize—Handsome stand of colors. No. 1—Tuscaloosa Cadets, Tuscaloosa, Ala., Captain Clark. No. 2—Baton Rouge Cadets, Baton

Rouge, La., Captain Prescott. No. 3—South Carolina Cadets, of South Carolina Military Academy, Charleston, Captain Walker. No. 4—Auburn Cadets, Auburn, Ala., Captain Thach.

FOR ARTILLERY.

First Prize—Gold medal for victorious detachment, from Board of Management of the World's Exposition and \$500. Second Prize—Handsome stand of colors. No. 1—Indianapolis Light Artillery, Indianapolis, Ind., Captain Curtis. No. 2—Battery B, Washington Artillery, New Orleans, La., Captain Eugene May. No. 3—Battery B, Louisiana Field Artillery, New Orleans, La., Captain Thompson. No. 4—Battery A, Galveston Artillery, Galveston, Tex., Lieutenant Forshey.

FOR ZOUAVES.

First prize and handsome stand of colors presented by the Willimantic Spool and Thread Company, Willimantic, Conn., \$500. No. 1—Busch Zouaves, St. Louis, Mo., Captain Roemer.

INDIVIDUAL DRILL.

Infantry—Gold medal donated to the management by A. B. Griswold & Co., New Orleans, La. Cadet—Gold medal donated to the management by the Battle of Sedan. Best Drilled Infantry Soldier—Corporal George N. Torrey, Houston Light Guard. Best Drilled Cadet—Sergeant J. T. Coleman, South Carolina Cadets.

WILLIAM M. IVINS,

THE NEW CITY CHAMBERLAIN OF NEW YORK.

THE selection of a young man of thirty-five for the responsible financial position of City Chamberlain demands more than a passing notice. In the present instance such notice is the more justifiable from the unusual excellence of the appointment. It is no disparagement to his predecessors to say that Mr. Ivins comes to the position with the most complete equipment of any one who has hitherto filled that office.

Mr. Ivins was born in New Jersey, and received his early education in Brooklyn. He completed a course at the Columbia College Law School, from which institution he was regularly graduated, and was admitted to the Bar of this State in 1873. For five years prior to 1880 he was the Judge Advocate—first, of the Fifth Brigade, and then of the Second Division, N. G. S. N. Y., and wrote a series of articles on "Military Law," as well as on other subjects, for the Albany *Law Journal*. He was one of the original members of the State Bar Association, and has been on its Executive Committee from its organization to the present time. He is also a member of the Bar Association of this city, and a member of its committee for the reform of the law. During the term of his active practice he was retained in a number of important cases, his briefs having been complimented by the Court of Appeals in their published reports. He was the attorney in the O'Reilly cases in Brooklyn in 1879, and secured the imprisonment and fining of the Board of Aldermen for contempt of court.

During the entire period of his student-life and of his actual law practice, Mr. Ivins devoted himself to the study of jurisprudence and of political and economic science. It would be difficult to find at the New York Bar a man with as complete a knowledge of the civil law, its sources, its history and development, its modern applications and effects. His articles on codification, comparative jurisprudence and municipal finance attracted particular attention at the time of their publication.

The remarkable fitness of Mr. Ivins for municipal service, discerned by Mayor Grace, led to his appointment as the latter's private secretary in 1881. The first administration of Mr. Grace owed no little of its success to the labors of Mr. Ivins. He speedily familiarized himself with the work of all the departments of the city government. He made a particular study of the finances of our own and other cities, and became especially familiar with the Sinking Fund, the work of the Sinking Fund Commissioners, and all of the sources of city revenue which fall into that fund. His knowledge resulted ever in fruitful suggestions and practical uses throughout his official term. At its expiration he refused the offer of an important position in the law department of the city government, and became associated with the firm of W. R. Grace & Co.—as its attorney-in-fact. In earlier life he had obtained an elementary business education with D. Appleton & Co. For several years he was also a member of the Finance Committee of the Bushwick Railroad. For the last two years Mr. Ivins has been chiefly engaged in the business of W. R. Grace & Co. He was at the time of his appointment one of the directors of the Mercantile Trust Company of this city, but has since resigned; and is also vice-president and treasurer of the Fernbrook Mills.

Mr. Ivins has always been a Democrat, and has been active in political work, both in the council upon matters of organization and in the field as a public speaker.

VICTOR HUGO.

NO other man of this century has had so many claims upon the affection of the French people as Victor Hugo, and no other has won such glory as, falling upon the pathway of the *enfant sublime* at its beginning, has lighted it with growing radiance to the end. In his character and his works he stood the heroic epitome of his race. Noble by birth and by nature; a democratic aristocrat; fierce foe of the despot, and tender minister to the outcast and poor; orator with a tongue of flame; enthusiastic statesman, visionary in the eyes of the practical, but ready to go and remain in exile for his convictions; godfather of romance, poet of sentiment and satire, chivalry and passion; humanitarian, lover of children, and ideal exponent of "L'Art d'être Grandpère"—all these, and much more, was Victor Hugo, whose birthdays of late years have been national festivals, and around whose house during his last hours whispering throngs gathered, paying the final tribute of a people's love.

Victor Hugo died on Friday last, the 22d inst. He was eighty-three years old on his last birthday, the 26th of February, the year of his birth being 1802, and his birthplace Besançon. He was the youngest of three sons of General Hugo, who served with distinction through Napoleon's campaigns in Italy and Spain. Madame Hugo and her children followed the General into both countries; thus their early years were spent amid strange sights and scenes, following the fortunes of war. Afterwards, young Victor Hugo entered a preparatory school in Paris with a view, later on, to entering the Polytechnic. He was fifteen years old when he aspired to the prize offered by the Academy for the best poem on the advantages of study, and the prize was only withheld because of his youth, and because the dignitaries of the institution took offence at one of the passages in the work, which they considered to be too presumptuous. However, two years later, he carried off two prizes at the Academy of *Floral Games*,

and in 1821 his first volume of lyrical poems appeared, which not only confirmed the high regard in which many of the most eminent men in France held his genius, but also obtained for him a pension of 300 francs from Louis XVIII. This pension enabled him to marry Adele Foucher, the young girl for whom he had conceived a romantic affection at the tender age of five, and who, at a time when poverty and other difficulties stood in the way of marriage, never faltered in her affection.

The first volume of Victor Hugo's "Odes and Ballads" appeared in 1822, and his tales, "Hans of Iceland," and "Bug-Jargal," were written about this time. In 1826 he published a second volume of "Odes and Ballads," which exhibited a change in his political and literary opinions, and in 1827 he composed his drama, "Cromwell." In 1829 he published his "Last Days of a Condemned Criminal," the terrific interest of which secured it an immense success. M. Hugo prepared a further attack on the stiff and unnatural style of French dramatic literature in his "Hernani," first played at the Théâtre Français, February 26th, 1830, and it caused a scene of riotous confusion. The Academy went so far as to lay at the foot of the throne a complaint against his attempted innovations. Charles X. sensibly replied that "in matters of art he was no more than a private person." Shortly after the Revolution of July, 1830, his "Marion de Lorme," which had been suppressed by the censorship under the Restoration, was brought out with success. "Le Roi s'amuse" was performed at the Théâtre Français in January, 1832, and the day after its production was interdicted by the Government.

Owing to popular prejudice and to the cabals of his rivals, Hugo's first dramas did not succeed. At length, "Lucrèce Borgia," the first of his dramas written in prose, came out at the Théâtre de la Porte Saint Martin, with Mlle. Georges as *Lucrèce*, and Frédéric Lemaitre as *Gennaro*, and was a brilliant success. "Marie Tudor," "Angelo," and "Esmeralda" followed in quick succession. The latter drama was founded on Hugo's drama, "Notre Dame de Paris," but did not share the success of that work, being hissed off the stage. "Ruy Blas," written in 1836 for the opening of the new theatre established by Alexandre Dumas, Victor Hugo, and other supporters of the Romantic movement, met with great success, Lemaitre playing the title rôle. To this succeeded "Les Burgraves" at the Comédie Française. The piece was hissed, but ran its course in spite of opposition. The author, tired out with the fierce struggles and petty annoyances which beset the path of a dramatic author, now abandoned the stage and turned his attention to other works. In 1841 he was received a member of the French Academy, and soon after he was raised to the peerage of King Louis Philippe.

After the *coup d'état* of 1851, Victor Hugo refused the amnesty offered by Napoleon III, rejected with scorn the triumph of Imperialism and went into a voluntary exile for nineteen years. In this time of exile (from Jersey first and afterwards from Guernsey) his most brilliant successes were achieved. His prose works during this period include "Les Misérables," "Les Travailleurs de la Mer," "L'Homme qui Rit," and "Quatre-vingt Treize"; his poems, "Napoléon le Petit," "Les Châtiments," "La Légende des Siècles," "Chansons des Rues et des Bois," and "Les Contemplations." They were all published in Belgium, their sale being prohibited in France under the Empire. It cannot be doubted that the influence of some of these works in preparing the overthrow of Napoleon III was very great. Victor Hugo refused to avail himself of the general amnesty issued August 15th, 1859. On the fall of the Empire, however, he hastened back to his native country, entered heartily into the Republican movement, and was returned to the National Assembly at Bordeaux, which he quitted in disgust, sending on March 9th, 1871, the following characteristic letter to the President, M. Grévy: "Three weeks ago the Assembly refused to hear Garibaldi; to-day it refuses to hear me. I resign my seat." M. Hugo then repaired to Brussels, but the Belgian Government, alarmed by his violent writings, and his avowed sympathy with the Communists, expelled him from the country. He then sought refuge in the seclusion of the little town of Vianen, in Luxembourg, where he composed "L'Année Terrible." Returning to Paris in July, 1871, he pleaded earnestly for the lives of Rossel, Ferré, and the other Communists, to no effect. He accepted the *mandat impérial* in the following elections, but M. Vautrin defeated him. M. Victor Hugo has given an account of this period of his career in "Actes et Paroles, 1870-71-72," published in 1872. Collections of his lyrics, which were published from time to time, bore the titles: "Les Rayons et les Ombres," "Les Voix Intérieures," "Les Feuilles d'Automne," "Chants du Crémuscle," etc.

Victor Hugo's literary works brought him a moderate fortune, and his latter years were spent in a pleasant house on the outskirts of Paris, in an avenue named in his honor. The celebration of his birthday here, in February last, is still fresh in remembrance. All Paris turned out to greet him, from all over the world he received letters and messages of congratulation, and altogether the affair, being the spontaneous tribute of the people to the merits of an humble citizen, was unprecedented and extraordinary.

In his domestic life, Victor Hugo passed through many sorrows, losing, one after the other, his beloved wife, his eldest daughter and his two sons. The elder of the latter, Charles Hugo, former editor of *Le Rappel*, left two children, the "Georges et Jeanne" of the "Grandpère's" later poems. In his peaceful Parisian home, these two children were the consolation and delight of the great man of genius who has just departed, full of years and honor.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

May 15th—In New York, Francis Leland, President of the New York County National Bank, aged 78 years. **M**ay 17th—In New London, Conn., Commodore Jonathan Young, commandant of the New London Navy Yard, aged 58 years; in New York, Andrew J. Dam, proprietor of the Union Square Hotel and Hotel Dam, aged 61 years. **M**ay 18th—In London, England, Charles Welford, of the book-firm of Scribner & Welford, aged 70 years. **M**ay 19th—In Paris, Alphonse de Neuville, the well-known military painter, aged 49 years. **M**ay 20th—In Newark, N. J., Hon. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, ex-Secretary of State, aged 68 years; in Newark, N. J., S. Van Courtland Van Rensselaer, aged 50 years. **M**ay 21st—In Rome, Italy, Count Terenzio Mamiani, the Italian philosopher, poet and statesman; in Berlin, Daniel Schenkel, the eminent German theologian, aged 72 years. **M**ay 22d—In Paris, Victor Hugo, aged 83 years.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE prospects of the iron industry in Pennsylvania are said to be improving.

THE German authorities have forbidden the proposed performances of Mme. Bernhardt in Metz and Strasburg in June.

THE General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church convened in Cincinnati, last week, and organized by the selection of Rev. Dr. E. R. Craven, of Newark, N. J., as Moderator.

THE World's Exposition will be closed May 31st. The friends of the Exposition have raised \$5,000 by subscription, to meet the expense of carrying it over until next November, when it will be reopened.

THE French newspaper, *Le Bosphore Egyptien*, the suppression of which by the Egyptian Government recently caused some correspondence between England and France, has resumed publication at Cairo.

THE winner of the recent roller-skating match in New York city received nothing but the custody of a belt, and the managers of the enterprise were about \$4,000 out of pocket. The craze has died its day.

ABOUT 1,000 new families settled during the past winter in Florida as permanent residents. They are said to be, as a general rule, intelligent and progressive, and to have means enough to improve the properties they have purchased.

THE sentry on duty on board Her Majesty's Steamship *Garnet*, at the time Captain Boyton attached his dummy torpedo to that vessel in New York harbor, has been sentenced to forty-two days' confinement. A report on the case of the lieutenant on duty at the same time will, it is said, be sent to England.

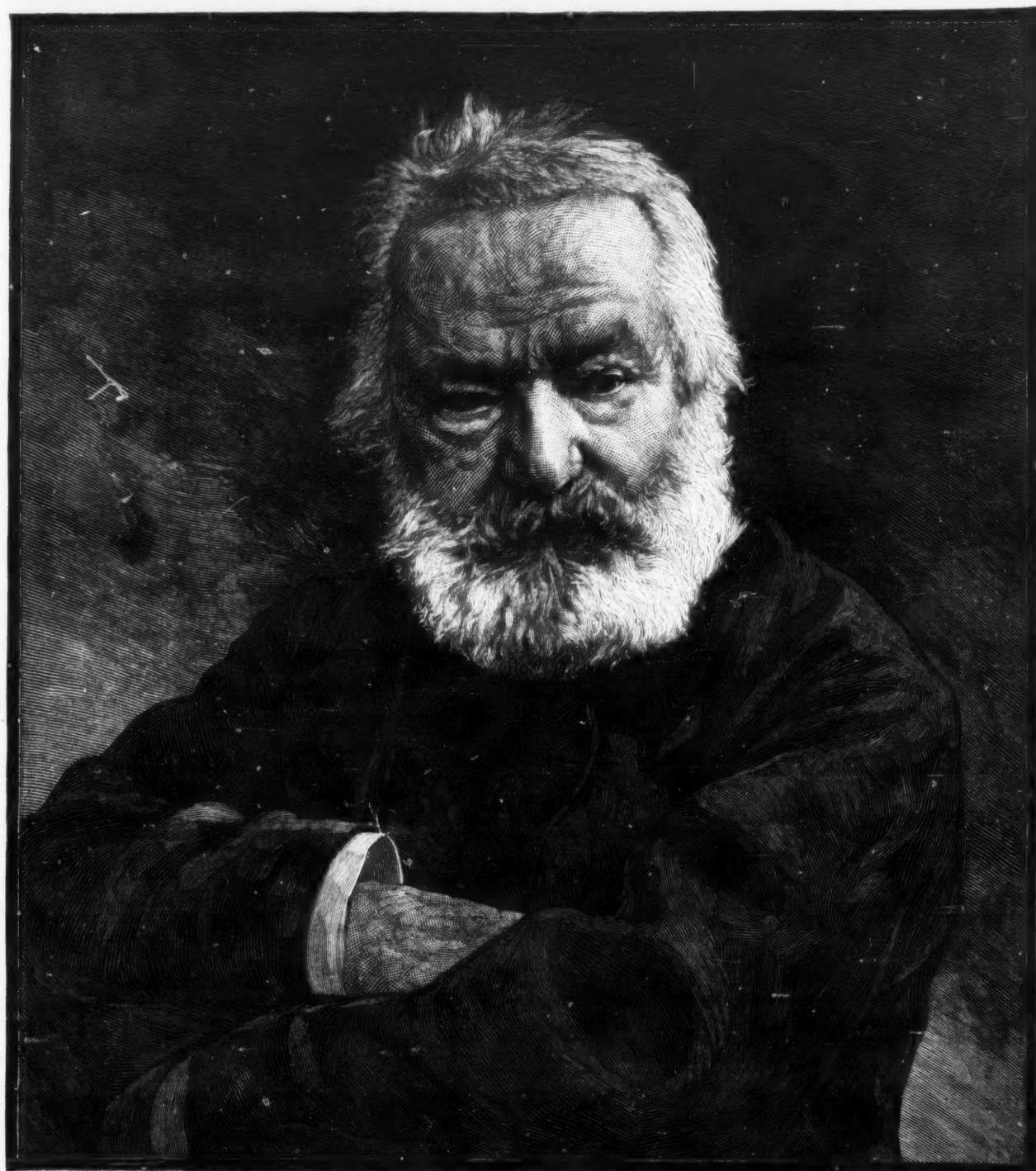
THE steamship *Isere*, with Bartholdi's statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," on board, started for New York from Rouen, France, on the 21st instant. The departure of the vessel was made the occasion for quite a demonstration, all the civil and military authorities of the city assembling at the pier to witness it.

THE site for the new Roman Catholic University has been purchased in the immediate neighborhood of Washington, and work will be immediately commenced. It is not intended to interfere with the Jesuit College at Georgetown, at which many leading legislators have been educated, and which has turned out some excellent classical scholars.

THE British Legation has been amusing and delighting the Washingtonians by going to the races in the old English style, with four-in-hand, and carrying an immense heavy lunch in the boot of the coach, of which they partook, *à la Ascot*, seated on the grass. The Misses West and Mrs. Helyar acted as fair attendants, and poured out the sparkling wine.

A REVOLUTION is in progress in San Salvador. In a recent engagement at Armenia, the Government troops achieved a notable victory, the insurgents being put to flight with heavy loss. President Zaldivar, of Salvador, has resigned, owing to the disapproval of his proposal to hold a Congress of Delegates from the five Central American States, with the object of arranging terms of a confederation of those States. General Figueroa, the vice-president, has assumed the reins of government.

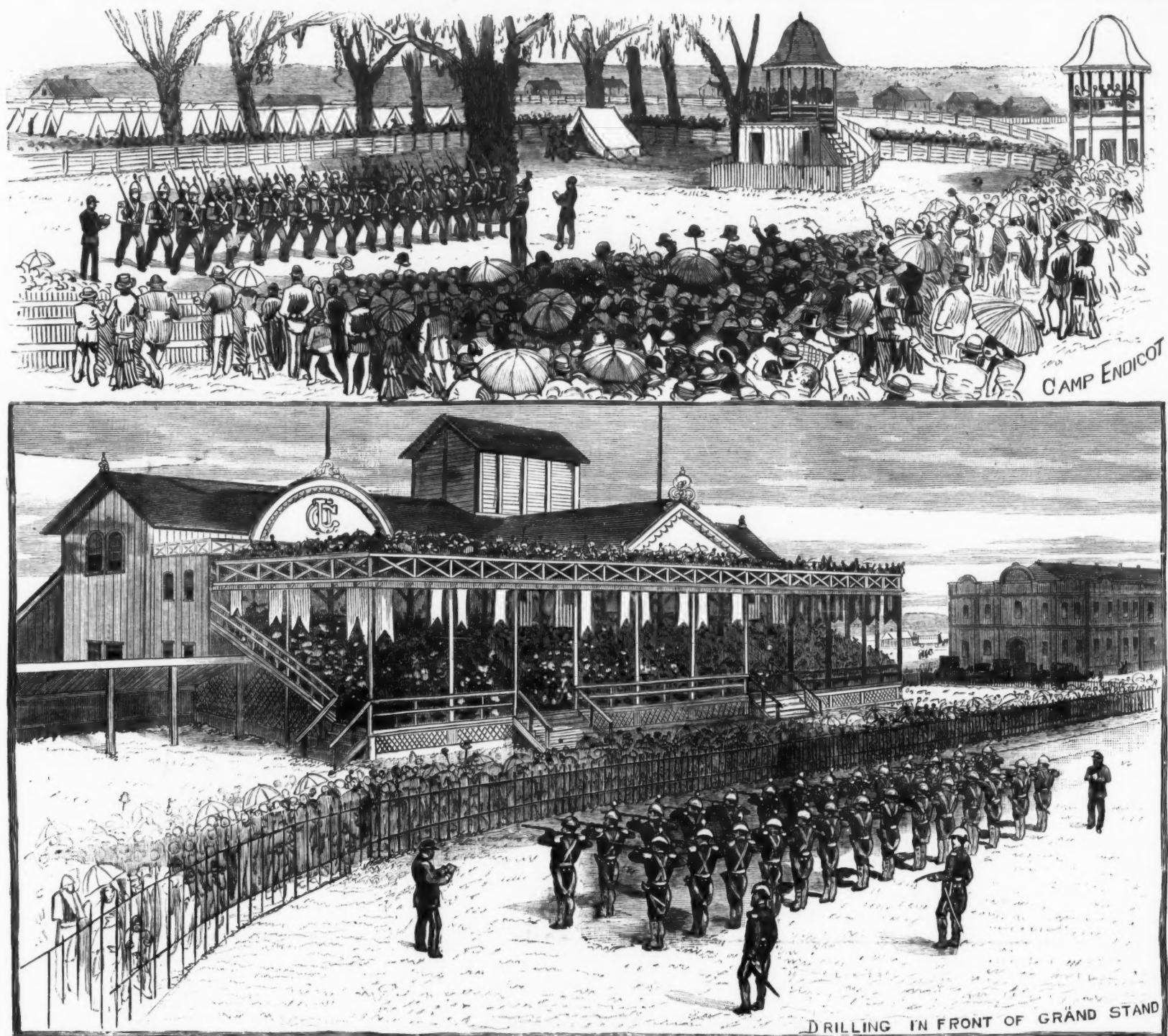
THE official report of the Relief Committee which recently visited Plymouth, Pa., the scene of the recent epidemic, states that on May 5th there were 841 cases of typhoid fever. Since that date sixty-four new cases have been reported, making 905 in all. The deaths in the last two weeks have numbered fifty-five. A majority of the sick are reported to be better, but many are still in a critical condition. It



FRANCE.—VICTOR HUGO.
SEE PAGE 243.



OHIO.—FATAL FIRE AT THE SULLIVAN PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT, CINCINNATI, ON THE AFTERNOON OF THURSDAY, MAY 21ST.
FROM SKETCHES BY G. F. MONROE.—SEE PAGE 243.



LOUISIANA.—GRAND COMPETITIVE MILITARY DRILL, ON THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS, AT NEW ORLEANS.
FROM SKETCHES BY S. W. BENNETT.—SEE PAGE 243.

CAPTAIN SKRYDLOFF.

NICHOLAS ILARIONOVITCH SKRYDLOFF, the commander of the Russian corvette *Strelak* (the Russian word for archer and shooter), now lying in the Port of New York, is one of the bravest officers of the Russian Navy. He made his name known throughout Russia during the late war with Turkey, by taking a torpedo-boat and attacking a Turkish armor-clad man-of-war in broad daylight. That he did not succeed in blowing up the Turkish vessel was only due to the fact that both electric wires of the torpedo were severed by Turkish bullets. In this exploit Skry-

Captain Skrydloff is forty years old, and is a bachelor. He belongs to a family of nobles of the Smolensk province. His father was also a naval officer. His mother is living in St. Petersburg.

Captain Skrydloff has the following decorations: St. George, St. Vladimir, St. Anne, St. Stanislaus; a medal of the Turk-Russian war, a medal for saving a life on high sea, a Montenegro Cross, a Greek medal and a number of other foreign decorations. He is a member of the Red Cross Society. Captain Skrydloff, though a disciplinarian in the strictest sense of the term, is loved and respected by his officers.



CANADA.—LOUIS RIEL, LEADER OF THE HALF-BREED REVOLT.
PHOTO. BY HARRISON.—SEE PAGE 242.

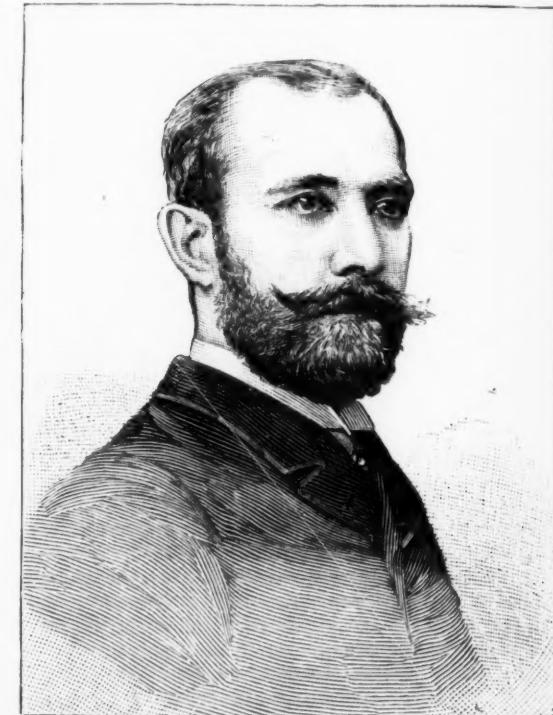


NICHOLAS ILARIONOVITCH SKRYDLOFF, COMMANDER
OF THE RUSSIAN CORVETTE "STRELOK."

dloff, then a lieutenant, received four wounds, which confined him for months in the hospital. For his daring act the Czar granted to Skrydloff the St. George Cross, so much coveted by Russian military men.

On his recovery, Skrydloff was sent to the Black Sea, where he had in his charge a number of torpedo-boats. After the Turk-Russian war, on being promoted, he was sent to the Soudan to look after the Russian interests in Egypt.

When the Anglo-Russian difficulties arose, Skrydloff, with his corvette *Strelak*, was sent to America. It is popularly believed that his mission here is, in case of war, to buy cruisers, arm them, and keep a sharp lookout for English merchant-ships.



NEW YORK CITY.—WILLIAM M. IVINS, THE
NEW CITY CHAMBERLAIN.
SEE PAGE 243.

A NEW ERA IN INTERIOR DECORATION.

IT will be a relief to many persons about to decorate their homes to know that the ideas of art decoration, engendered by what was known as the "*aesthetic rage*," have seen their day, and are gathering into the limbo of the past.

The aesthetic was vowed to the Queen Anne style, against which common sense has at last rebelled, and instead of the plain square patch of wall painted gray or drab, or some of those nameless earth-tints, with its pretended air of repose and mortal severity, we have now the warm, generous decorations of Lincrusta-Walton, giving comfort and warmth to the room and an air of refinement to the surroundings.

This wholesome reform in interior decoration will have the good effect of introducing beautiful furniture, in which comfort, ease and elegance is combined. The keynote of the Queen Anne room was the furniture, with its chairs—few, hard and square—covered with dingy velvets, laboriously made to look poor and imperfect in web, and recalling in color—mud, mildew or ironmold—noting clean or healthy. Then, again, the small bevelled mirrors, in mean little frames, or convex ones, which make our faces hideous or atrophied—everything bare, comfortless and austere. We know it was aesthetic, but was it not also blazoned vulgarity? It was certainly neither pleasurable, beautiful nor becoming.

With such ideas we visited the new palatial establishment of MESSRS. FR. BECK, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirtieth Street, on the occa-

windows are of extraordinary size, between ten and eleven feet in width, and the upper part in each is decorated with opalescent glass in free scrolls of a bold and effective character, lit up here and there by jewels of a deeper tone. The framing of the windows is in bronze, and on the Thirteenth Street side there are reliefs in scroll-work and trophies commemorative of Lincrusta-Walton and general art decoration. There are two entrances—one on Thirteenth Street giving admission to the apartments, the other on Fifth Avenue for the store. Both entrances are artistically decorated in low-relief carving of a heraldic character above the doorways. The door of the store is one of the features of the place. It is of massive oak, more than two inches thick, six feet three inches broad, and eleven feet three inches in height, and so well hung on its massive hinges that, in spite of its tremendous weight, it swings backwards and forwards easily and noiselessly. In its centre there is a glass panel to give light, and this is guarded by a railing of hammered brass. The plaque of the door-knob is of bronze, and one of the most beautiful objects ever made in that material in this country. It is Renaissance in character, and represents a dragon's head blending into a fanciful scroll of floral design. The handle of the door is the twisted body of a serpent. The low partition wall in front is adorned at its termination by a gryphon erect and guardant, holding in its fore-paws an antique shield, on which is the monogram of the firm. The whole of the sidewalk has been elaborately re-arranged with a view to providing a perfect light to the basement, and this at the same time gives an air of breadth and openness to the front of the building.

"The interior of the store strikes the visitor with

which stimulates the flowing color of glazed tiling, having an uneven distribution of intensity very agreeable to the eyes. Below the gold mold line comes the frieze proper of the wall, which is in peach-colored plush, semé with brass fleurs de lys. Then comes the dado, which is a foot broad, and is in oak in a modification of the classical triglyph much affected by English architects in the reign of George the Third. Below the dado is the decoration of the main body of the wall. This is in Lincrusta-Walton, of the color of oak, though no attempt has been made to imitate that wood. The pattern is a simple one, concentric rings alternating with fleurs de lys. In the centre of this wall is a huge superb mirror reaching up to the dado, and more than six feet in width. This is draped with a rich hanging of a ribbed material in which a deep warm red predominates, accented with cordings of gold and blue silk. The upper and lower parts are adorned with passementerie stars of olive-green and reddish-colored gold. This mirror is exactly opposite one of the superb windows facing on Thirtieth Street, and produces the effect of another window. Another superb mirror of the same size is placed on the landing of the stairway leading to the basement, where it reflects all the brightness and splendor within its range. Brass balustrading of a highly ornamental character protects the approach to the basement.

"Standing with one's back to this balustrading, one obtains a fine view of the most effective part of the decorations, the inner front of the store, with the series of great arched windows, the bold and artistic fireplace, and the wonderful ceiling, dominating and harmonizing everything. The double cornice runs all around the room, but here there is no plush frieze, and the spandrels between the arches occupy the corresponding space, and

being studded with round nail-heads. There are two immense dogs of hammered iron, quaint in construction and thoroughly artistic, upon which great logs will burn in the semi-arctic Winters of New York. Next to this fine chimney-piece is a recessed window with a coped ceiling in arabesque stucco-work of bright colors reproduced in Lincrusta-Walton. The sides of the recess above the dado line are also in Lincrusta, but of another type, Renaissance, of the time of Henry Deux, having floral bands of fluttering ribbon scrolls in gold of different colors, upon an intense blue ground.

"At the rear of the store there is a drapery similar to that around the mirror; when this is drawn aside, the visitor finds himself in a little square room which is a perfect gem. It is Louis Seize in character, but the low ceiling is panelled in white and gold, and the panels are filled with Lincrusta low-relief floral designs in the most exquisite creamy-white tone. Whenever one sees a ceiling in pure Lincrusta, one is forced to recognize that it is superlatively the material for ceilings. It is in the power of the makers to graduate the relief so as to give exactly what the height of the room requires. This substance possesses an essential delicacy of quality of surface which makes it specially suitable for Louis Seize decorations. The cornice is plain. Below it comes a Lincrusta reproduction of stamped leather of a very beautiful nature in colored gold upon a ground of delicate pink. Below the dado is Lincrusta-Walton, which has all the effects of Japanese bleached sharkskin, and this semé with large fleurs de lys. The hangings in this room are simple and delicate in color. Lifting up one of these, one discovers that there is still another room, for the hanging displays a portière of deep



LIBRARY AT SHORT HILLS, N. J., DECORATED IN LINCRUSTA-WALTON.

sion of its opening, on the 26th ultimo. It was a revelation to find what Mr. Fr. Beck has done towards raising the standard of art decoration by perfecting Lincrusta-Walton. Much had been said and written about this material, but here was a practical demonstration, and the excuse can no longer hold good for ugly or imperfect decoration, that better cannot be obtained on account of the cost, for Lincrusta-Walton is not only perfectly beautiful, but, from the nature of the material and its manufacture, quite moderate in price.

Among the many art critics and professional men present at the opening was Mr. C. R. Gazzynski, editor of "*The Connoisseur*," and the following description taken from his notes, kindly placed at our disposal, will serve the double purpose of giving some idea of the beauties of Messrs. Beck's palace of art decoration, but also the result of the reform in interior decoration, to which we have drawn attention :

"The new branch has been placed in the charge of Mr. Nathaniel Bishop Farrar, whose refined taste and good judgment in all that relates to interior decoration fits him particularly for this position, where his advice and aid will be sought by others on such matters.

"It is certainly one of the most remarkable of the commercial palaces that threaten to monopolize Fifth Avenue below the Catholic Cathedral, just as in London the palaces of the nobility in the Strand were replaced by retail stores. During the progress of reconstruction, which was intrusted to the well-known firm of architects, J. C. Cady & Co., of 111 Broadway, New York—fitting the ground-floor and the basement for the purposes of the firm, and the three upper stories for apartments—the eyes of the promenaders on Fifth Avenue have often been arrested by the new and artistic developments of the exterior. The arched

astonishment by its revelations of the decorative possibilities of Lincrusta-Walton. The first thing noticed is the ceiling—a magnificent sweep of eighty feet in length and a height of twenty feet from the parquetted flooring. Its tenderness of color, its inherent quality of surface, the wonderful delicacy of its low relief, the fullness of the masses, the perfect clearness of the outlines, all unite to stamp it as *par excellence* the one material for ceilings. This revelation forces itself upon the mind instantly, and has been appreciated by all men engaged in decoration for whom the ceiling has always been a sore spot. Frescoing in oil-colors, in our climate especially, is an anomaly, and a costly experiment, which satisfies no one in the long run, because, however skillful the work, the colors must fade in the course of a few years. And the difficulty of obtaining carpets, curtains and hangings to harmonize with a frescoed ceiling increases in exact ratio with the charming qualities of the work itself. The ceiling of this store is so emphatically right that no one could fail to get walls, carpets and hangings in harmony with it. Its tones are two variations of buff, a warm and a cold hue, resembling new and old ivory. It is of Moorish-Arabesque character, and the delightful *entre-lacs* are set in a projecting frame-work of wheels and quatrefoils studded with round and square nail-heads. The cornice is double, the upper part being on the ceiling, the lower part at the top of the wall. The acanthus brackets of the first make a fine broken line, and blend the wall and the ceiling together artistically. In the lower part of the cornice there is a frieze of floral scroll-work emanating from classic urns, and above and below this are classic moldings, terminating below in a broad mold line of burnished gold with a diaper pattern. All of this is in Lincrusta, and, with the exception of the metallized part, is in a buff tone,

are decorated in Lincrusta-Walton of the same style as the scroll-work of the cornice-frieze, with the same flowing glaze-like buff color. The awkward angle of the two walls has been very cleverly got rid of by the substitution of an intermediate window of a cylindrical form at the junction of the two lines, like the bartizan towers of mediaeval architecture. This permits the interior space at the angle, which would otherwise have been broken up by the masses of decorative ornament, to be the very centre of a magnificent trophy surrounded by scroll-work, emblematic of architecture. There are the compasses, the squares, the plummet, the mallet, and two portrait medallions suspended by flowing ribbons to the graceful scroll-work. The other spandril decoration refers to fresco-work, for there is a trophy of a palette, mahl-stick, brushes, etc., surrounded by lovely scroll forms. It was a queer thought, however, of the architect to commemorate frescoing which Lincrusta-Walton seems destined to replace. The recesses of the windows have been utilized for heaters, and these are covered with immense single slabs of a warmish gray marble, which will make charming seats.

"The chimney-piece comes out boldly, and is Old English in character, of the type familiar to admirers of baronial halls. The material is dark oak. There is a mantel-shelf, very broad and striking in its simplicity, supported by four noble brackets with acanthus leaves carved in the solid wood. Between these the space below the shelf is carved in low relief, with concentric rings and an arcade gallery. Above the shelf is a fine mirror set in panel, decorated in the same style as the fireplace. Above the mirror the whole space up to the cornice is occupied by a beautiful piece of old tapestry, French, but not Gobelin, probably Beauvais. The fireplace is all in iron, the plates

crimson plush; when this is pushed aside, the visitor finds himself transported into the land of the Thousand and One Nights. It is the Moorish room. There is a coped ceiling of arabesque stucco-work in Lincrusta-Walton, fantastic and brilliant in arrangement and color as the patterns of a kaleidoscope. The walls are ornamented in the same spirit, though preserving the arrangement of frieze and dado, which seems necessary in modern decoration. In the centre of the ceiling has been fitted an iron ventilator, from which depends, by brass chains, an old Persian lantern in chiselled brass, inlaid with silver, in the perforated style so beloved by connoisseurs. This has been fitted as a gasolier, and has been furnished with glass jewels in the Louis C. Tiffany style, through which the light will come in splendid rays of luminous color. The portière of crimson plush inside this Moorish pavilion is furnished with a genuine Persian lambrequin of embroidered silk. This has been adorned by the Oriental needle, with inscriptions both in the Arabic character and the older Cufic. From appearances, the latter is meaningless and only decorative. But the Arabic inscriptions are obviously genuine. It would require an Arabic scholar to decipher them, to decide whether they are from the Koran and relate to the praises of Allah, or whether they give the thirty points of a perfectly beautiful woman. The piece looks as if it had been the portière of a harem, in which case the latter supposition is the more probable.

"The flooring has been laid down in parquetterie of a simple but effective character, with a border of interlaced zigzags. At intervals in the main room are arranged stands and screens containing either Lincrusta-Walton samples or specimens of the newest and finest Wall Papers imported by the firm and manufactured by them."

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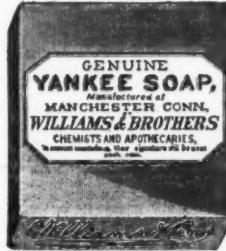
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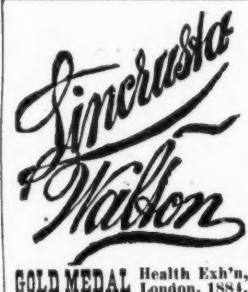
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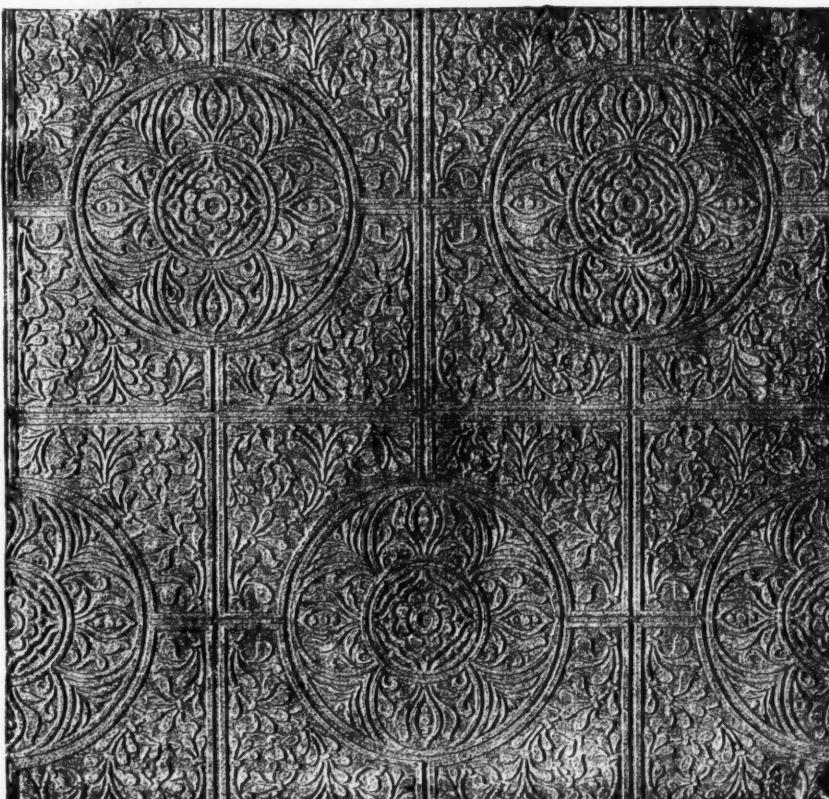
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